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FEBRUARY 13, 1987

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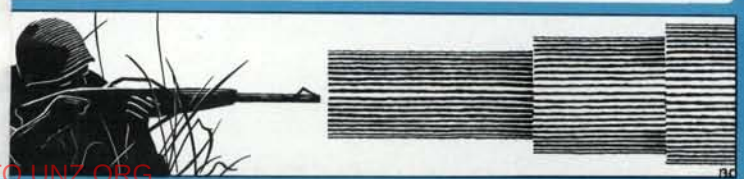

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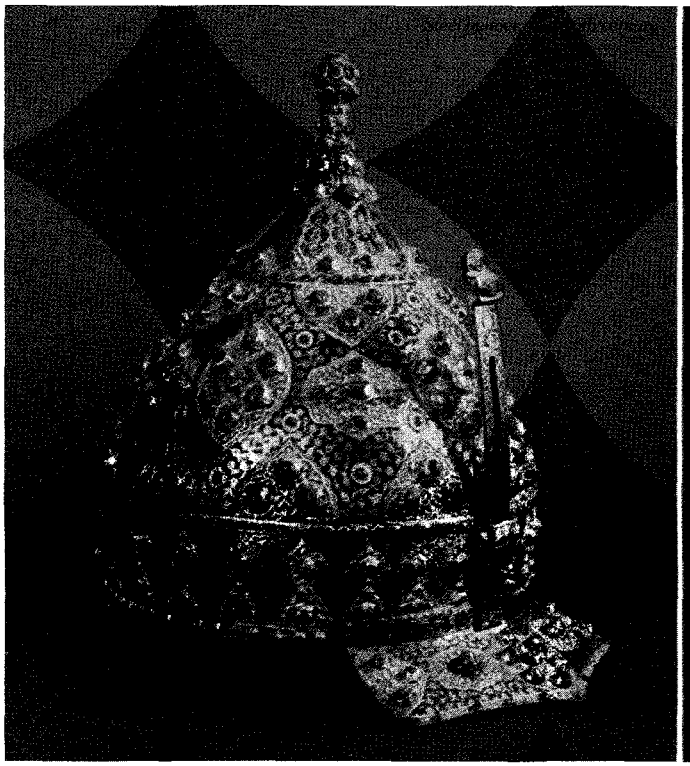

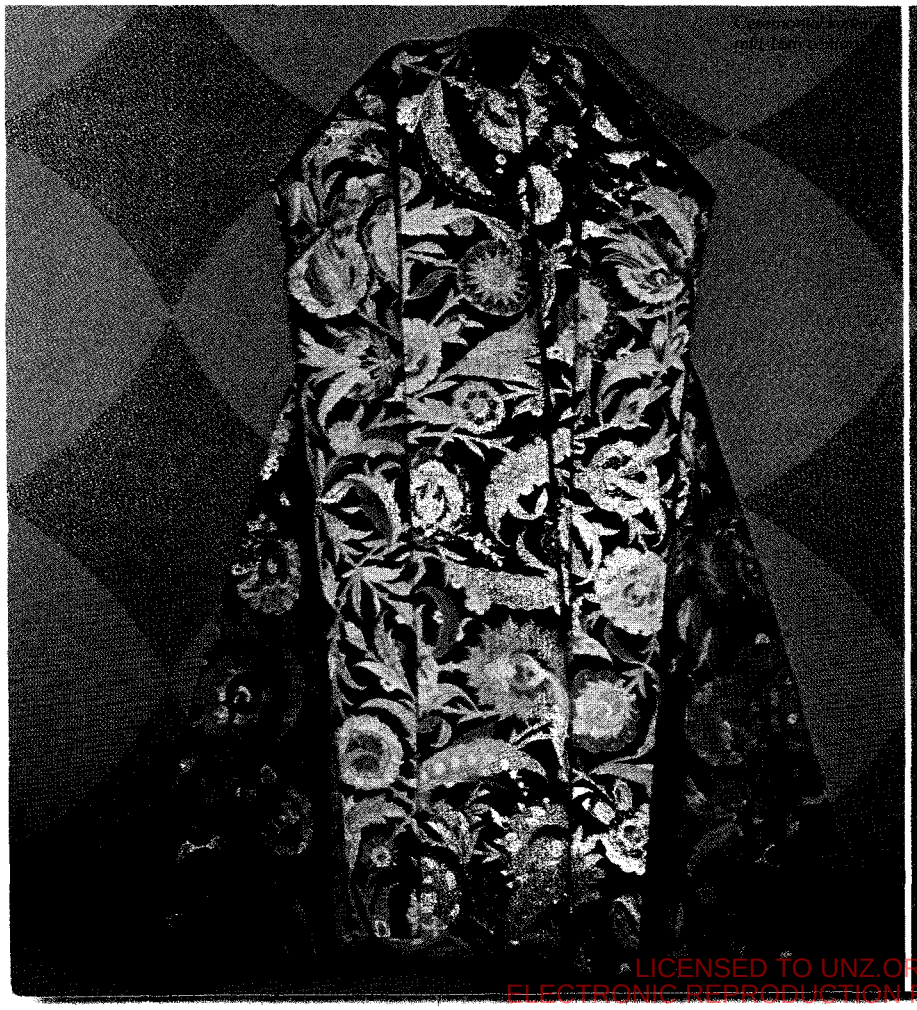

Commercial Center
mid 15th century

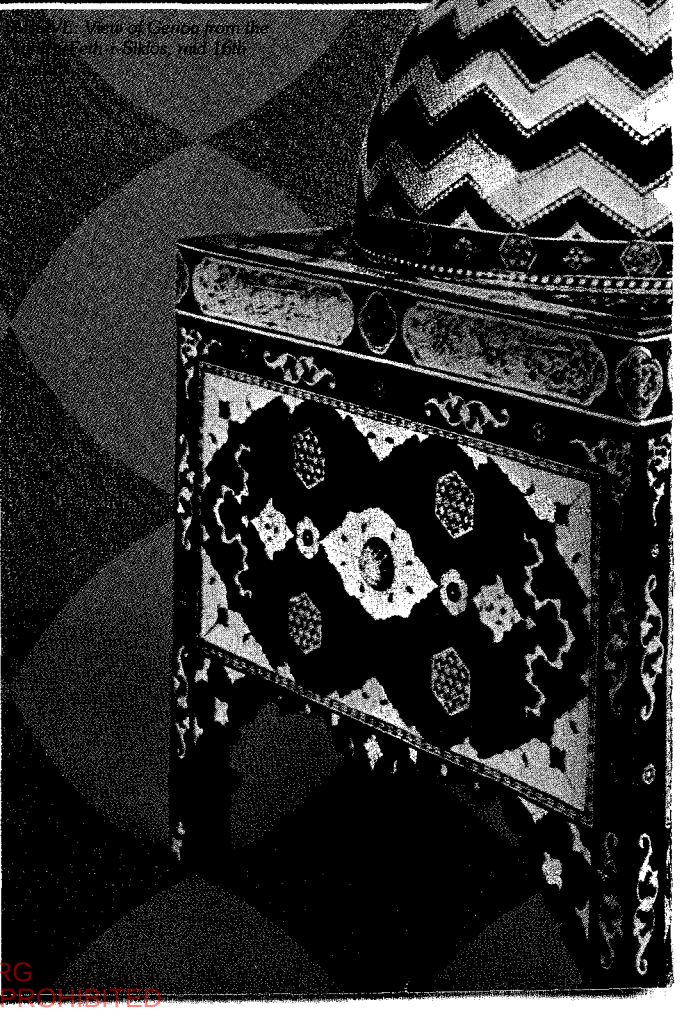

Fig. 1. View of Genoa from the
Liber Cronicarum of Schedel, 1493

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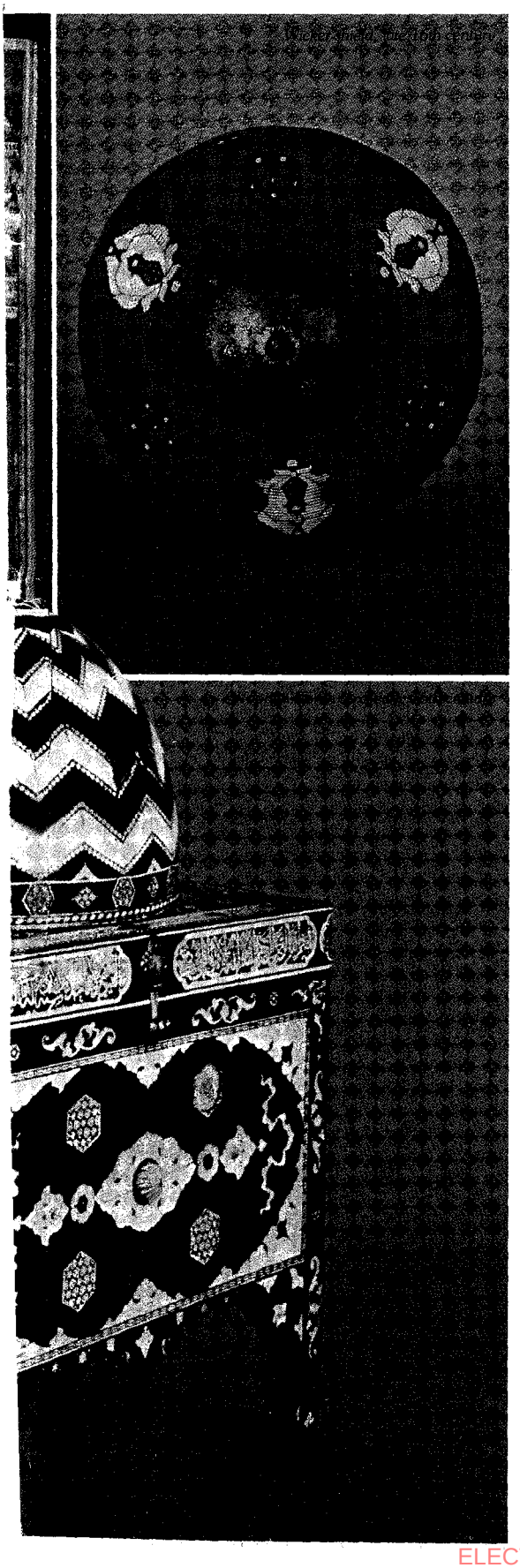
the bridge.



These are some examples of the art of a great empire and a great people that Americans know very little about. They are part of a stunning exhibition entitled "The Age of Sultan Suleyman the Magnificent." It will appear at three of the most prestigious museums in the country.

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That's one reason why we are supporting this exhibition and why we urge you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the art of innovation knows no boundaries, including the seemingly impossible, and that one of the noblest works of art is a bridge between cultures.

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y., October 4, 1987-January 17, 1988

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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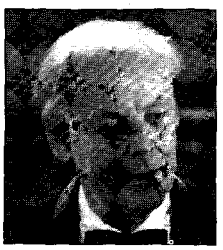
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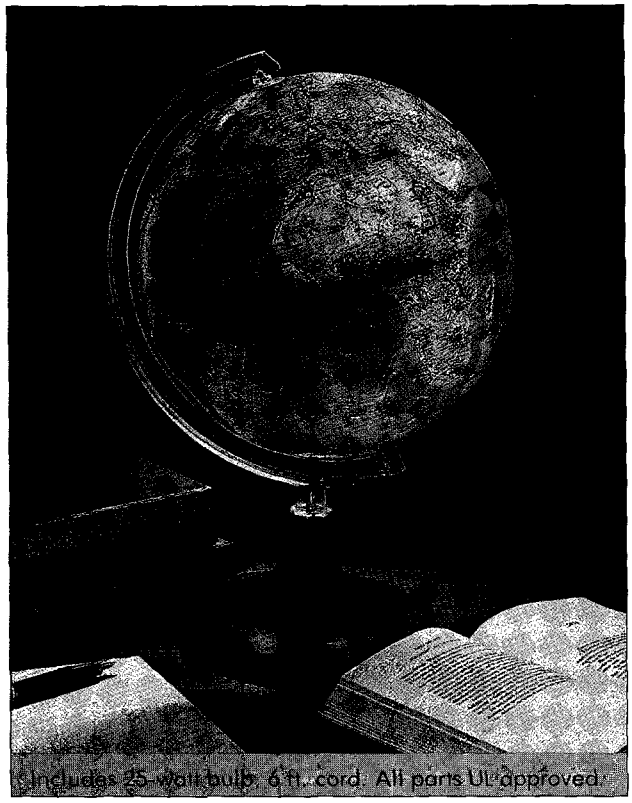

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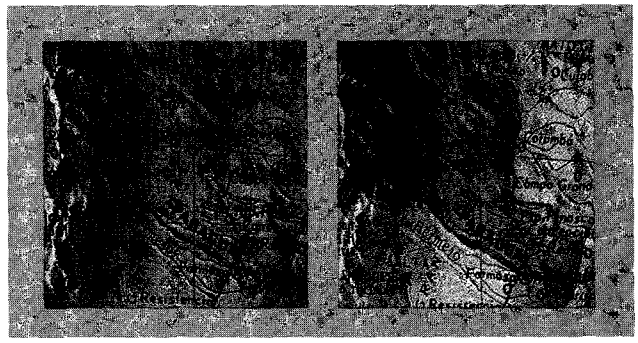

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LETTERS

'I Ran Guns for the Contras'

Although the Brookhiser/Livingstone exposé of who was playing what hand in the Iran games was inspired [Jan. 30], I noticed that one crucial actor in the press's pathetic powerplay was left out—namely, Eugene "I Ran Guns for the Contras" Hasenfus. Had our sissy State Department stood up for this jerky merc instead of hanging him out to dry, we might have been able to muster up enough of what it takes to stave off the now hopelessly out-of-control scandal.

Mickey Chandler
Miami Beach, Fla.

From Heidegger to Hitler

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, writing on "The True Meaning of Auschwitz" [Dec. 19], declares that "what united the French, the Russian, and the German [sc., Nazi] Revolutions, and made them so horrible, was Godlessness." Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn then concedes that "Religious fanaticism from the twelfth to the seventeenth century admittedly victimized untold numbers . . ."

However, he extenuates these numberless slaughters of Jews by Christians, of Protestants by Catholics, and of Catholics by Protestants by saying that they were "done *contrary* to the spirit and the letter of the Bible. If a person acts against the basic tenets of his religion you can blame only him, not his religion."

In the age of the Ayatollah, or any other age, this would be the purest nonsense. Many a Marxist will tell you that the horrors of Stalinism were all done in contradiction of the basic tenets of Marxism. There are followers of Martin Heidegger who even today will tell you that Hitler gave nihilism a bad name. Theological and ideological intolerance have a common root. If either religious or ideological orthodoxy is made the ground of political authority, the murderous rooting out of heresy or of infidelity to the established faith—be it faith in Biblical religion or in atheistic irreligion—will always be the consequence.

The evil at the root equally of theistic and atheistic persecution was characterized by Thomas Jefferson in our own blessed American Revolution, as follows: "Whereas Almighty God hath created the mind free . . . the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, who being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith of others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible, and as such endeavoring to impose them on others . . . [is the cause of such evil]" (Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty, 1786).

A professed belief in God is no protection against those who assume dominion over the faith or political opinions of others. The only security against bigotry and persecution is limited government—which permits no such assumption of power. It is found in the rule of law, such as is embodied in the entire structure of limitations upon government in our Constitution, and not only in the Bill of Rights.

Let me add, however, that a true belief in God, one uncorrupted by "worldly honors or emoluments" is the truest support of free government. Such a belief would make Jefferson's maxim the maxim of every citizen, that "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." For every citizen would know that the rights for the sake of which he would resist tyranny are not of any human origin merely, but are the unalienable rights of man with which he has been "endowed by his Creator."

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

Conscience of a Conservative

Anthony Harrigan ["Letters," Dec. 31] showed once again what is wrong with many who call themselves conservatives. In equating laws against drugs with those against arson, he misses the point badly. Arson is either fraud (when done for insurance money) or aggression (when committed against the property of another). Taking recreational drugs, while perhaps immoral (as a fundamentalist Christian, I believe that to be usually the case), is neither.

Mr. Harrigan's discomfort at seeing, in NATIONAL REVIEW, views he believes more suitable to *Reason* magazine or the Cato Institute suggests he could benefit from reading Frank Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom*.

I hope he is never unfortunate enough to be mugged and robbed. If he is, he will probably not be consoled to learn that the police were elsewhere at the

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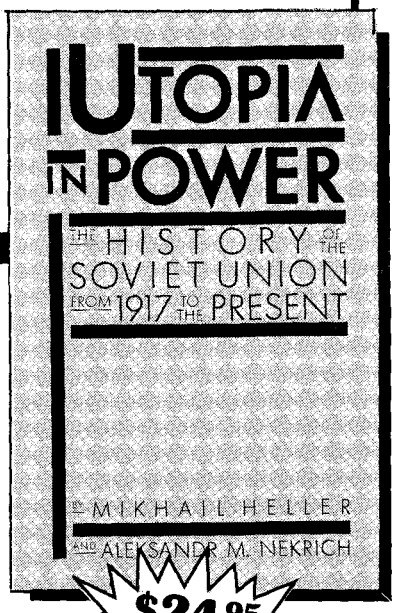

Communism in Russia: are you weak on the details of its brutal 70 years? Have you been looking for a good history, reliably anti-Communist? Then seek no farther. In the words of the great anti-Communist scholar, Robert Conquest of the Hoover Institution:

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With good reason. Historians Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr Nekrich spent most of their lives in the Soviet Union, lived through most of these events, experienced the texture of life in the Empire of Evil, and only now, free in the West, are they able to publish their magnum opus. First acclaimed when it appeared in France, West Germany and Italy (and in an underground Polish edition), it is now winning equal praise from major American publications and experts on Soviet Russia:

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time, protecting a group of potheads or coke snorters from themselves. It might, however, lead him to reconsider his implied support for laws prohibiting all offenses against his "traditional moral perspective."

Given the limitations of any non-totalitarian law-enforcement agency, and the often sharp disagreements, even among Christians, as to what is meant by a traditional moral perspective, I suggest that we should use our limited resources to protect people and their possessions against others instead of squandering time and effort attempting to force the appearance of moral conduct on those who insist on damaging themselves.

After all, the Apostles didn't turn to the Roman government for prosecution of sinners, and Jesus didn't die for the state.

Richard L. Centner Jr.
Waldorf, Md.

Cursory Reading

Mr. James P. McGlone's letter in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 31], attacking my book, *John Paul II and the Battle for Vatican II*, and defending the modernist Scripture exegete Raymond E. Brown, suffers from the same vices it attributes to me.

McGlone wrote that "apparently . . . Mr. Cowden-Guido has withheld important evidence." He addresses my purported failure to cite Father Brown "and others who have disputed [Thomas] Sheehan's article" in *The New York Review of Books*—which article noted, among other things, that "one would be hard pressed to find a Catholic Biblical scholar who maintains that Jesus thought He was the divine Son of God Who pre-existed from eternity as the second person of the Trinity before He became a human being," and that "in Roman Catholic seminaries, it is now common teaching that Jesus of Nazareth did not assert any of the divine or messianic claims the Gospels attribute to Him." McGlone accordingly asserts that "Cowden-Guido's failure to mention these arguments against his case undermines his position and weakens his witness."

Though not the sole, the central problem with McGlone's analysis is that he obviously—as opposed to apparently—has not read my book, else he would have seen the full chapter (nine pages and 31 paragraphs) quoting numerous modernist responses to Sheehan's revelations. Had McGlone done so, one hopes he would not have written that "Joseph Sobran quotes Cowden-Guido as noting that liberal Catholics never disputed certain interpretations attributed to them," for the book contains no such quotation —though, for that matter, neither does Sobran's review [Nov. 7].

What Sobran said is that, "as Cowden-Guido notes, none of the replies [Sheehan's article] elicited . . . really disputed the facts [Sheehan] asserted." The *way* I note it is by quoting the disputants' own words, the feebleness of which arguably led Sobran to his conclusion—as I suspect they would any reasonable man or honest Catholic.

Richard Cowden-Guido
New York, N.Y.

The Importance of Being Ernest

It is true that in 1986 Books, Arts & Manners devoted a substantial number of lines to Ernest Hemingway ["Letters," Jan. 30].

Among the reasons for this are: a) that an above-average number of titles pertaining to Hemingway were published last year; b) that Hemingway was a great American artist of enduring literary importance; c) that the differences between a great artist and a bad or mediocre one are far more significant than the differences between a "conservative" and a "liberal."

Chilton Williamson Jr.
Kemmerer, Wyo.

For Whom Bell Toils

I fear I must disagree with my friend Jeff Bell's letter [Dec. 5] proclaiming Governor Tom Kean of New Jersey a conservative.

Sure, Tom Kean has cut some taxes—and he has raised others. A New Jersey business lobbyist has proclaimed the current legislature (with a Republican Assembly) "the most anti-business in years." Governor Kean has allowed extreme ecofreaks to dictate the agenda.

Again, Kean signed a death-penalty bill—then named an ultra-liberal public advocate who sued to have the death penalty declared unconstitutional. Kean is strongly pro-abortion and anti-school-prayer. He might praise Rehnquist, but were he President, someone like New Jersey Chief Justice Wilentz would be his nominee for the U.S. Supreme Court.

Kean served as co-chairman of the New Jersey Nuclear Freeze, which in 1983 lobbied Congress to stop deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe.

Tom Kean a conservative? He talks that way for Republican consumption, but his color is pale pink, not true blue.

Kevin McKeegan
Arlington, Va.

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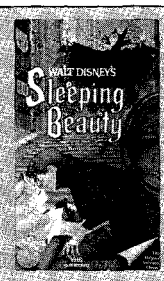

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RETURN OF THE DRAGON	0818022
STAR TREK III—THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK	2016182
THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022
CASABLANCA	0507162
SOME LIKE IT HOT	0584122
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN	6042072
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NOTORIOUS	0567132
STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE	2035132
TOOTSIE	1509042
THE EMERALD FOREST	3145002
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	0582222
TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.	7225042
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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS	2026062
ALIEN	0092322

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Medical Research–building a healthier future

If you've ever been treated for high blood pressure... heart disease...diabetes...or almost any health problem, medical progress based on research has already touched your life.

Because of medical research, polio no longer strikes in epidemic proportions every summer. Today about three-quarters of patients diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease will survive five years or longer—as opposed to less than half twenty years ago. Current treatment options for people with heart disease and high blood pressure include medication that helps the body's natural regulators to control blood pressure and volume, enabling the heart to function with less strain.

Scientists are now working on new ways of treating such devastating afflictions as heart disease, cancer and Alzheimer's disease. They are testing new enzyme inhibitors that may control or reverse the late complications of diabetes. Forthcoming breakthroughs in understanding biological processes and treating disease may change the quality and perhaps the length of your life.

Medical research leading to such results takes years of patient, often frustrating experimentation by many different teams throughout the public and private sectors of our scientific community. The tasks involved are not simple.

Advances in research stem from a partnership that includes federal agencies such as the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), universities and teaching hospitals across America, and private industry laboratories. Each partner often works independently to acquire knowledge and test new concepts. They must build on the knowledge developed in all laboratories, and they often coordinate efforts in their search for answers.

Whether an idea originates in a university laboratory or starts with basic product research carried on in the private sector, important findings percolate through the entire scientific community, where each new finding serves as a building block to establish a deeper understanding of what we are and how we function.

Medical research is an expensive process. It needs steady funding for equipment and personnel—even when progress is slow. Government and industry often work with university-based scientists and the medical profession not only in the acquisition of new knowledge and the development of new treatments, but also in funding these advances.

Now more than ever, we all must do our part to help keep the flow of discoveries active and ongoing. If funding for medical research is reduced, major advances in knowledge about some of the most dreaded diseases facing us today could be delayed for years to come.

What can you do?

- *Speak up.* Let your legislators know that you want funding of biomedical research by NIH and other government agencies to be kept at the highest possible levels.
- *Contribute* to voluntary health organizations supporting disease research.

Research-based pharmaceutical companies such as Pfizer are also increasing their financial investment in research. For instance, in 1984 alone, pharmaceutical companies in the United States spent over 4 *billion* dollars on research and product development.

At the same time, we at Pfizer realize the importance of committing more than money to research. As a partner in healthcare, we are continually working to discover new ideas, test new concepts, and turn new understanding to practical and beneficial uses. Now we are working harder than ever to make sure that this nation's medical research effort receives the attention—and funding—it deserves.

For more information on the future of medical research in America, write to Health Research U.S.A., P.O. Box 3852 FR, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

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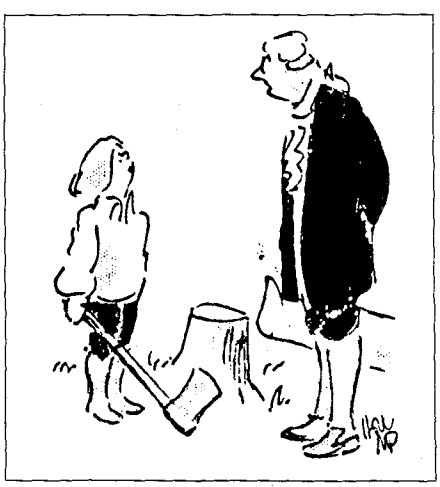
FOR THE RECORD

Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk** would like AFL-CIO to hold up on its endorsement of a Democratic candidate until at least primary time. But AFL-CIO president **Lane Kirkland** isn't listening. Fact is, Kirkland may well announce at big labor's annual Bal Harbour, Florida, conference next month that AFL-CIO will pick both a Democratic and a Republican candidate this time round, since he feels 25 per cent of union members who are Republicans should not be left in cold. But given the party's shift to the right under **Ronald Reagan**, what Republican candidate will Kirkland pick? Not **Kemp**, **Robertson**, or **du Pont**. **Baker**? **Dole**? **Bush**? Unlikely. Won't labor have to go to darkest of dark horses—**Kean** of New Jersey, perhaps, or **Thompson** of Illinois—to find a Republican it can plausibly support? . . . Choice of Democrat will be easier. **Gary Hart**, rejected by big labor four years back, made valiant pitch to Left in New Hampshire a fortnight ago: SDI is a trillion-dollar mistake; Reagan blew chances for peace at Reykjavik; the U.S. should be building water-treatment facilities, not airfields, in Honduras; oh yes, and let's sock it to the rich with a surcharge on high-income taxpayers. . . . It will be a new ballgame in '88, with primaries in many big states concentrated early in the season. Super Tuesday, March 8, will see primaries in 17 states, half of them Southern and Border states. . . . New Jersey plans to move its primary from June to March, ditto Ohio and Indiana, which are expected to join Illinois and Minnesota in Great Lakes primary March 15. (Michigan votes three days earlier.) Virginia is going from a March 8 caucus to March 8 nonbinding primary. . . . Which will give large field of entrants very little time to get known. Dismaying ABC-TV poll in midst of '84 primary season found 80 per cent of 18- to 24-year-olds couldn't name a *single* Democratic presidential candidate. . . . This is why, says **Ed Rollins** (Reagan's campaign chief in '84, now working for Jack Kemp), any candidate who can't raise $6 to $8 million in 1987 "is not going to be a player."

Soviet Foreign Minister **Eduard Shevardnadze** gave this explanation of why Soviet troops are in Afghanistan in speech in Kabul: "When enemies set a neighbor's house afire, when he calls for help, one responds to the call immediately. This is what the Soviet Union has done." . . . Novosti commentator **Valery Novikov**'s version of the Alma Ata riots in Kazakhstan: "When well-known and respected people in the republic urged them [the rioting "hooligans" and "delinquents"] to talk quietly and stop their senseless barbarity, the thugs replied with abuse, nationalistic slogans, and attacks on innocent people." . . . France thinks it unfriendly of Australia to have supported a decolonization motion for French Caledonia in the UN General Assembly and is doing something about it. **Jacques Chirac** has ordered suspension of official visits to Canberra until further notice. . . . In Managua, five thousand people took to the streets on ninth anniversary of murder of *La Prensa* editor **Pedro Joaquín Chamorro**, who is becoming symbol of internal resistance to **Ortega** regime. . . . In hot water with the Left: pop star **Paul Simon**, who went to South Africa to produce album of black African music. The album, *Graceland*, is bringing international recognition to **Ladysmith Black Mambazo**, **Stimela**, and other black African bands. So the Left accuses Simon of "stealing" African music and trafficking with apartheid.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Father, I plead the Fifth!"

CONSERVATIVE OFFENSIVES: Author **André Ryerson**'s move to organize World Freedom Recognition Day on February 11 is catching on at colleges across the nation. Move is endorsed by such anti-Communist heavyweights as **Midge Decter**, **Ed Feulner**, **Zbigniew Brzezinski**, **Bill Buckley**, and **John Silber**, and supported by Committee for the Free World, Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Campus Coalition for Democracy, and Institute for Educational Affairs. Why February 11? That was the day in 1945 that the United States promised Poland "free and unfettered elections." . . . **Greg Fossedal** of Hoover Institution reports results of polls by Copley Service and Rep. **James Courter** (R., N.J.) on where Republican presidential candidates stand on SDI. In favor of SDI deployment: du Pont, **Kirkpatrick**, Kemp, Dole, Robertson, **Rumsfeld**, **Haig**; against: Bush, Baker. . . . Former U.S. Ambassador to Mexico **John Gavin** makes point that Screen Actors Guild, which censured **Charlton Heston** for making a pro-right-to-work spot, failed to censure **Jane Fonda** when she sashayed to Hanoi to talk to the enemy during Vietnam War. . . . One high point of Conservative Political Action Conference (Washington Hilton, Feb. 19-21) should be debate between **Sam Donaldson** and **Robert Novak** on: "The Media *v.* The Presidency: Sharks or Bloodhounds?"

Shoulda stood in bed: the bright-eyed IRS lad who decided best way to get back taxes from a delinquent dad in San Jose, California, was to raid his ten-year-old daughter's savings account. **Shannon Burns**'s $694 was later restored, but IRS spokesman **Chip Maurer**'s explanation was, at best, lame: "The IRS doesn't make a habit of levying kids' accounts."

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THE WEEK

☐ Senator Hart had a private three-and-a-half-hour meeting with Mr. Gorbachev in Moscow, and in Azusa, California, a man discovered a human finger in a can of Mexican stewed tripe. While no link between these foreign-policy failures has been established, investigators plan to question Ollie North.

☐ By a vote of 24 to 17, Senate Republicans have chosen Senator Jesse Helms ranking minority member of the Foreign Relations Committee, upsetting Senator Richard Lugar. Helms's edge in seniority proved decisive, but much more than protocol was at stake. Lugar is no liberal, receiving only a 10 per cent ADA rating, but he seems jelly-like at times, and he was indecently enthusiastic about the South African sanctions, a freebie issue for domestic consumption on which most pols voted cynically. Senator Helms will be a much more forceful spokesman for the Reagan agenda. The State Department is not celebrating.

☐ The President's opponents in Congress have looked forward to a gory inquisition into the Administration's conduct of foreign policy. But Democratic leaders such as Robert Byrd and Daniel Inouye are counseling restraint. Their argument: Democrats must not seem too eager to dissect a popular Republican President. They point to the negative reaction both among the public and in the press that followed the suppression of that Senate Intelligence Committee report. Byrd will have a hard time holding back some of his young stallions, however. He is especially peeved with John Kerry, whose subcommittee will hold hearings into the Administration's Central America policy. And Edward Zorinsky's new subcommittee will hold hearings on charges that the Contras have facilitated the flow of drugs into the United States.

☐ Reviewing the PBS special *The Conservatives* in the *Washington Post*, Tom Shales writes that the show proves "that conservatives really are as stuffy and sexless as liberals have always liked to think." Shales, a sexy liberal, weighs in at around 280 pounds, by the looks of him. Just thought we'd mention it. Anyway, "Nothing [in the show] contradicts . . . another long-held suspicion about conservatism, which is that a strain of racism runs through it." Shales also thinks the show doesn't say enough about Joe McCarthy, the guy who invented smear tactics.

☐ The press notices given "What Ollie North Told Me before He Took the Fifth" (*NR*, Jan. 30) were mild, given that Neil C. Livingstone's revelations are all we've heard from Colonel North since the outset of the Iran crisis. The *New York Post* devoted a page-two story to the Livingstone piece, while the *New York Times* referred to it in an article alleging that the U.S. had passed doctored intelligence to the Iranians. According to the *Times* story, which contradicts what North told Livingstone, the Administration deliberately overestimated the Soviet threat on Iran's northern border. Yet another scenario being floated has the Iranians exaggerating the Soviet presence to encourage more arms sales. In either case, various experts on that part of the world believe it is unlikely that Gorbachev—mired in Afghanistan, worried by riots in the Islamic areas of the Soviet Union, and faced with a wily, resourceful, and zealous Ayatollah Khomeini—would tangle with Iran right now. But with all the clamor for him to testify, why have North's remarks to Livingstone been substantially ignored? Is it because North raises that bogeyman, the Soviet factor? Or have the professionals quietly concluded that North is a romantic, an illusionist, whose words detach from reality? Worth pondering.

☐ In Miami, three armed "Latin males" beat, insulted, and robbed Nicaragua's Cardinal Obando y Bravo, who was visiting relatives. Though they took what money and jewelry they could get, they appeared especially interested in taking Obando y Bravo's briefcase, containing his notes and diaries about

Now What?

Basra, where Khomeini's guards
Measure victory in yards,
Has that sick surrender smell
Of the day Poltava fell,
While the hiss of Shiite snarls
Hints of fates far worse than Charles'.

W. H. VON DREELE

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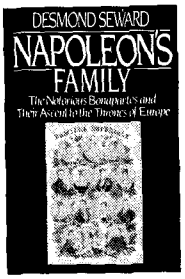

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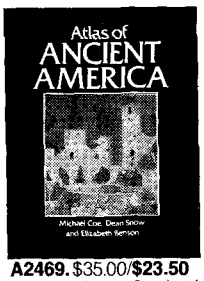

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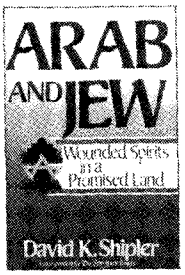

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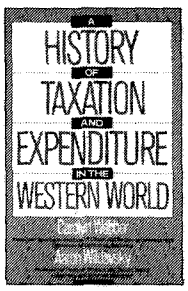

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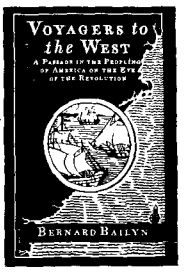

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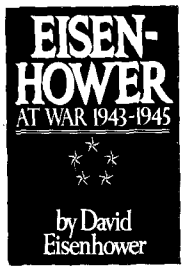

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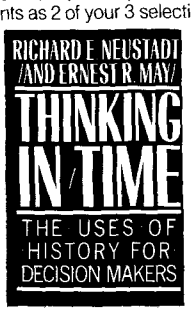

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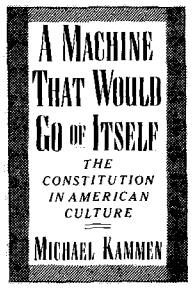

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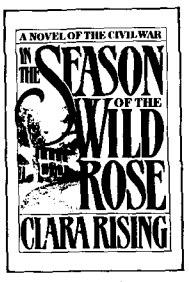

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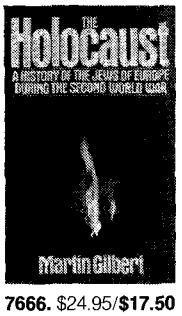

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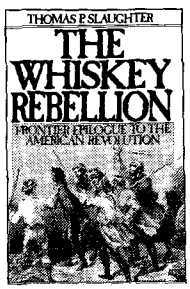

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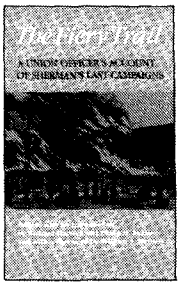

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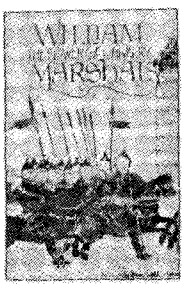

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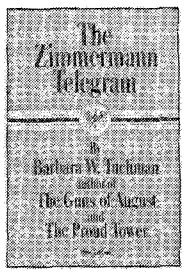

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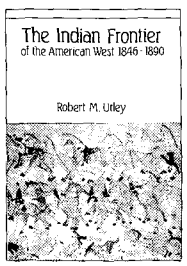

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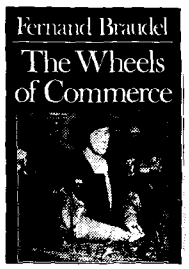

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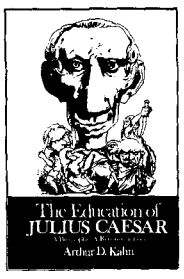

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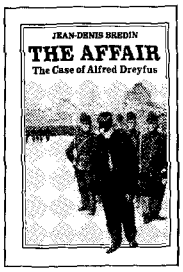

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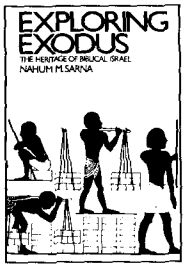

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE SAD disablement of CIA Director Bill Casey means that a successor will be named shortly. Being mentioned for the position are Deputy Director Robert Gates, former Texas Senator John Tower, National Security Agency head Lieutenant General William Odom, former Deputy Director Bobby Ray Inman, renowned attorney Edward Bennett Williams, and Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.).

Howard Baker had been front-runner, but in mid January he decided against accepting, despite strong pressure. Gates and Tower are now neck and neck, with the former's relative youth seen as something of a minus, and the latter's chronic gruffness likewise. Williams is definitely in the running, his principal drawback being health (cancer surgery), but he looks fit and is as sharp as ever. Tower has the advantage that he would have smooth sailing through Senate confirmation, whereas if Inman gets the nod, he will meet merciless resistance.

Senator Wallop enjoys some support —notably from Jack Kemp, who likes Wallop's backing of SDI and of aid to freedom-fighters in Angola, Afghanistan, and Nicaragua. Further, Wallop's Senate background would ease relations between the agency and the Hill.

White House sources say Wallop has problems on two fronts, however. First, Don Regan is still smarting from Wallop's suggestion at a Cabinet meeting that the chief of staff be replaced, while the chief of staff looked on icily. The senator's second opponent, according to a ranking Reaganite, is Frank Carlucci, the new head of the NSC and (according to this source) the unnamed White House official quoted in the *New York Times* of January 8 as saying Wallop "doesn't fit the bill." The anti-Wallop sentiment may stem from the senator's keen knowledge of and ardent support for covert operations. In the wake of Iran, everyone wants to play it safe.

As to the Iran saga, the inside talk is now focusing on two items, the money trail and the Poindexter/North no-talk stance. No one believes that all the missing funds went as brokers' commissions to the Arab and Israeli deal-makers. Secondly, the President is thought to be politically inept for not having devised some way to allow Poindexter and North to tell what they know. Until he does, the dénouement will stretch out interminably.

Another less-noted but telling development: In direct opposition to a White House request, Democrats opposed releasing the Senate Intelligence Committee report on the Iran affair, on the grounds that publicizing the report in an incomplete state would do more harm than good. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd (D., W.V.) and Senator David Boren (D., Okla.) accused White House officials of having removed unclassified but embarrassing information from the report and alleged that the Administration had something to hide.

But an aide present at the White House review of the report disputes these allegations. White House officials, he says, did object (as they are legally entitled to do) to inclusion of one communication they deemed classified in the unclassified report. But the committee makes the final decision on whether something is to be classified or unclassified, and in this instance the committee did not vote to purge that particular section. Shortly thereafter, Byrd began his public allegations of coverup, with Boren joining in. The press picked it up, and the chorus grew full-throated.

Senator Bill Bradley (D., N.J.) has been inspiring such paeans of late that two little-known bits of information about Bradley's early forays into the political arena pique the curiosity. At the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco, the 21-year-old Bill Bradley, a student at Princeton, headed Youth for Scranton. Bradley's background—his father is a well-known Republican banker in Crystal City, Missouri—is enough to explain that early affiliation.

Bradley's move to the Democrats took place during his Knicks days, when he was being courted by both parties to run for office in his home state of Missouri. The Rhodes scholar and basketball forward opted for the Democrats because he felt they had a better chance of taking and holding the state. Not exactly indicative of any great Democratic calling, but in line with Bradley's studied approach to issues and politics. —CATO

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life under the Sandinistas. Now who'd want to get hold of those?

☐ It took us some seven years to equip the Afghan freedom-fighters with Stingers and surface-to-surface missiles. But now, according to reports filtering out, the Soviets are losing aircraft at the rate of one per day. One report claimed the loss of eight helicopters and two military transports, with no survivors. And, suddenly, the Soviets are talking ceasefire. They have actually offered to pull out if they get safe passage. The answer to that is "Nuts!" and more missiles.

☐ INSIDE ECUADOR. This is the true story, so help us *Dios*. Last March Air Force General Frank Vargas Pazzos was formally dismissed from his post as chief of the joint military command of Ecuador on charges of insubordination: He had led a mutiny and taken over two air-force bases; a dozen men died. Vargas was placed under arrest, but this displeased his supporters in the legislature, which, in October, passed a resolution calling for amnesty for Vargas. (Leftist parties outnumber President León Febres Cordero's conservative followers in the unicameral parliament.) Nonetheless, Febres Cordero refused to free Vargas. Then, last week, Febres Cordero flew off to an air-force base near Guayaquil to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Ecuador's jet-fighter squadron. He joked as his plane approached the base about reports that rebellious airmen planned to attack him. He had been assured by their officers, he said, that no such thing would happen. Such a thing did happen. Rebellious

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airmen captured not only the president and his party but their own disbelieving captains and majors. Two men died, and several others were wounded. And there was another hitch. *Nombre de Dios*, someone had forgotten to order up a bus in which to move the captives off the base. And when the party arrived at the church where they planned to hold them, its doors were locked. Since in Ecuador even kidnappers don't kick in the door of the house of the Lord, they had to hunt up a key. Now was His *Excelencia* ready to free Vargas? Yes, now he was. The exchange was made. Vargas was released and Febres Cordero was released. End of story? Heavens no. The Ecuadorian parliament is now entertaining a motion to impeach President Febres Cordero for his failure to control his military. And you think Reagan has troubles.

☐ Enter the *trillion*-dollar budget. Exit the following English terms: lean, barebones, austere, fiscal responsibility, limited constitutional government, conservative, and sanity.

☐ France bombed Libyan targets in Chad. Libya bombed Chadian targets protected by France. If this escalates, can French planes get permission to overfly France to bomb Libya?

China's Ghastly Tragedy

THE MASS STUDENT PROTESTS in China, the crackdown by Deng Xiaoping—put in chilling terms in his memo: "We can shed blood"—and, now, the ouster of Hu Yaobang, who had been a main contender for the succession as well as being the chief of the world's largest Communist Party, represent a political earthquake of world-historical proportions. Its scope has not even been touched upon by the usual popular publications or even by academic spokesmen.

The crisis is genuinely world-historical. Mikhail Gorbachev has been trying to deal with his country's version of it by means of Band-Aids—PR, anti-vodka campaigns, exhortations, and tentative shakeups in the bureaucracy.

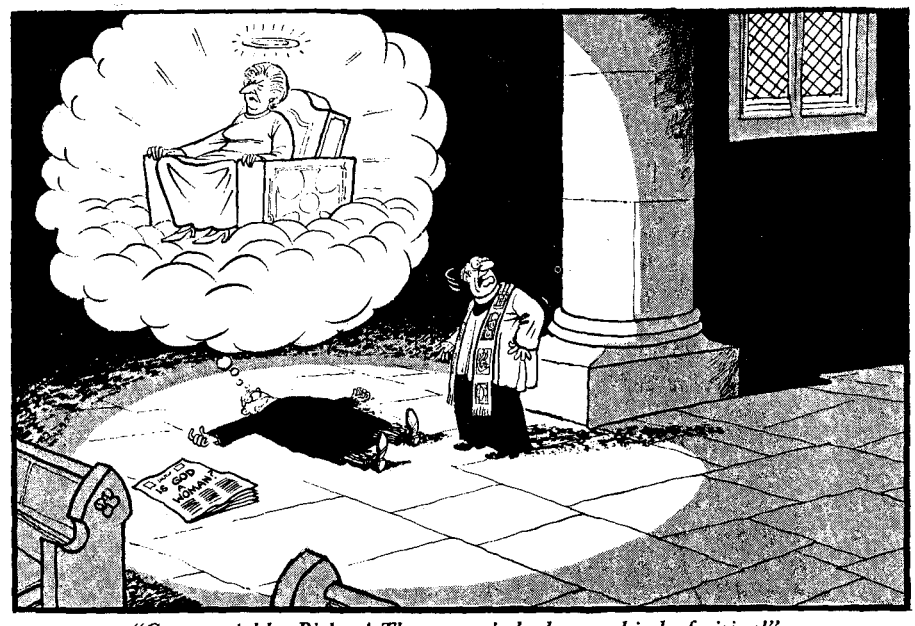
The terrible problem that these two leaders and others face is that Communism, whether of the Soviet, Chinese, or some other variety, cannot be modernized. The Communist bureaucracy stands in the way. The Chinese students know this.

These students, rioting and putting up their wall posters, are not Flower Children. They are anything but the farcical protestors of the U.S. and European campuses. They are future engineers, mathematicians, physicians, chemists, agricultural experts—the people who will matter, if there is to be a twenty-first century for China at all. An amazing article in the *New York Times* informed us that the students were not, repeat not, protesting against Communism (perish the thought), though that was precisely the target of their protest, as Deng well knows. It was also the subject of their astonishingly well-informed references to the traditions of Western political freedom.

Always the Communist bureaucracy, controlling all aspects of life, stands in the way.

There is pathos here, as well as tragedy. Deng himself must have walked upon the shore of the Taiwan Strait and gazed eastward. Why is it that Chinese in Taiwan—and in Hong Kong, East Africa, and America—are so much more productive and inventive than they are under Peking? Deng is smart enough to know the answer. It isn't bad air on the Mainland. It's the system he himself helped to install and now runs. As he walked upon some shore, probably long ago, Deng must have heard the sea of his Communist faith recede, leaving in its wake the chill of reality. As Matthew Arnold wrote, "*But now I only hear / Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.*"

Deng knows, of course, as does Gorbachev, that there is no economically advancing Communist society in the world. Castro is bankrupt. Infant mortality is up in the USSR and lifespan is down, going down yearly. Gorbachev knows the problem isn't vodka. But what do you do with a Communist bureaucracy in Moscow or Peking that blocks all change? What is to be done?—as Lenin asked. But Lenin is no good now. He was a master technician of the seizure of power by small elite groups, but he forgot about the



Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Come quickly, Bishop! The verger's had some kind of vision!"

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dismantling of bureaucratic power. Deng knows what needs to be done, but he cannot get from here to there. He fires his friend Hu Yaobang for "mistakes." He grows older.

The October Revolution, which brought the Bolsheviks to power in a prostrate Russia, may have been the worst thing to have happened to the world in human history.

Shameful Silence

NO SOONER HAD Cardinal O'Connor mentioned Palestinian rights than the subject, for some reason, was changed to the "shamefully silent" Pope Pius XII, as the *New York Times* called him, and to the "residual anti-Semitism," as George Will called it, of the Catholic Church. This cherished smear was also echoed by the *Washington Post*, *The New Republic*, and, we'll wager, lots of periodicals and pundits we haven't caught up with.

Now comes a new book, *Britain and the Vatican during the Second World War*, by an Anglican priest, Owen Chadwick, disclosing a number of interesting facts:

—Pius XII secretly agreed to help the Allies, and was even privy to a plot to overthrow Hitler and end the war by negotiation, in which he agreed to play a mediating role.

—He infuriated Mussolini by refusing to bless the Axis attack on the Soviet Union.

—Though the terms of the Vatican's concordat with Italy forbade him to speak on Italian politics, and though his own situation was obviously delicate, Pius pointedly praised "democracy" in his Christmas messages.

—The Vatican tried to save Jews in Balkan countries from what it called "horrible deportation" at the hands of Fascist forces in 1942.

—In his 1942 Christmas message, Pius spoke of "hundreds of thousands of innocent people put to death or doomed to slow extinction, sometimes merely because of their race or their descent." Again Mussolini was enraged: "The vicar of God ought never to have opened his mouth." Von Ribbentrop got the point too, and threatened reprisals. The German ambassador to the Vatican said the Pope "is clearly speaking on behalf of the Jews, . . . virtually accusing the German people of injustice toward the Jews, and mak[ing] himself the mouthpiece of Jewish war criminals." (At the time, the *New York Times* praised Pius as "a lonely voice crying out of the silence of a continent," though it now evidently has no recollection of having said any such thing.)

—When the Nazis occupied Rome in 1943, they threatened to seize the Vatican and take Pius to Munich. Meanwhile, they rounded up Jews. The Pope ordered religious houses to help Jews escape; they were provided with refuge and forged documents.

Will Father Chadwick's book put to rest one of the greatest slanders of modern times? One would like to hope so, but some of these facts, and others, have been matters of public record for a long time. The Israeli scholar Pinchas Lapide has credited the Vatican under Pius with saving 700,000 to 860,000 Jews. In 1944 the chief rabbi of Jerusalem thanked the Pope in moving words, promising that "the people of Israel will never forget . . ."

But nearly everyone *has* forgotten. The myth of the silence and indifference of Pius XII has become a linchpin of anti-Catholicism, which Peter Viereck rightly called "the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals."

Intellectuals are fond of "speaking out." They have damned Pius for failing to "speak out." It will be interesting to see whether the new revelations will move his detractors to "speak out" in contrition. If not—given what they've already said of him—the world will indeed be witness to a shameful silence.

Oval Office Blues

I'd much rather be on the inside
  Than outside, nose glued to the pane.
It's awful without that comforting clout;
  It's *nice* to hear servants complain.
But if we must summon the movers,
  I'll think of the Coolidges, who,
In choosing to leave, were smart to perceive
  The Dow was about to skiddoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

Hurry Up Please Its Time

TWO MONTHS AGO, NATIONAL REVIEW devoted half an issue to three articles by Jack Kemp, M. Stanton Evans, and Simon Worden on the need for SDI. In this issue, we publish an article by Robert Jastrow refining the argument, and we inaugurate the SDI Watch, a feature of the editorial section. *NR* is devoting this editorial acreage to the subject because it is sure to be one of the hottest political topics of the next two years, and because it is in fact the most important issue facing America today.

In the ensuing discussion, there are four points to keep in mind.

1. *SDI is possible.* The hostile nickname "Star Wars" suggests that a system of ground- and space-based defenses is something futuristic, fantastic: out of the movies. It is not at all. Experiments have shown that satellites can track each other, that smart bullets can hit their targets. What isn't on hand is on the drawing board.

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2. *It is not a budget-buster.* The enemies of SDI, when forced to concede that it is possible, inflate the price tag. A trillion dollars is the usual round sum. This is a fantasy. In an age of million-dollar airplanes and billion-dollar carriers, SDI is well within the range of large modern defense systems.

3. *The Soviets want one.* This would be evident from their rhetorical posture alone: If SDI were an extravagant bust, why would they be trying so hard to stop us from building it? To save us time and trouble? Intelligence, meanwhile, confirms that the Soviets are hard at work on their own system (see Jastrow's article in this issue, p. 42)—indeed, that they will have it by the early 1990s.

4. *Time is short.* We too can have a system in place in the front half of the next decade. But that means starting this year. The Politburo will not be taking time off for the Iowa caucuses.

The Reagan Administration must go full speed ahead with SDI, and all presidential candidates should be asked to pledge to continue the program. Probably there will not be any Democratic takers, unless Bill Bradley's education advances several leaps and bounds. But Republicans who demur should have their feet held to the fire. The first candidate for a warming seems to be George Bush. Two years ago, *NR* suggested that Mr. Bush put himself out front as the main public advocate for SDI. Not only has he not done so, he still talks of SDI as an arms-talks bargaining chip.

For twenty years, America has been in thrall to a strategic doctrine that based defense on the certainty of mutual superpower annihilation. So long as America held the undisputed lead in nuclear arms, the recklessness of the strategy was not evident. That lead is long gone. Our enemies are preparing to defend themselves. So should we.

Harris / Rotheo

Long March

Poland's Leader

WE WINCE TO SEE *the Pope consorting with the* likes of General Jaruzelski, dubbed by the press the Polish "leader." The press reserves the honorific "leader" for those heads of state it deems progressive, if only in principle, in contradistinction to reactionary "strongmen" and "dictators." And Communism, for all its regrettable defects, passes the test: It isn't apartheid, after all. So a general who presides over purges and secret police gets tagged a "leader," never mind whether he has any followers to speak of among his own people.

The Pope, as usual, is coping with a reality, not only of power, but of associated liberal sentiment. He has to give audiences to people less savory than Mother Teresa; all in a day's work. The Polish leader got a rare seventy-minute private audience. We can only guess what was said, knowing that the Pope is especially devoted to the people this leader tyrannizes. A Vatican communiqué described the conversation as "clear, frank, and in depth." Camaraderie was presumably minimal.

The two men did, of course, discuss Poland. The Polish leader needs the Pope to lend him a semblance of legitimacy; he yearns openly for diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and refers publicly to the Pope as "His Holiness." Since the Vatican has formal diplomatic relations with only two Communist regimes —those of Cuba and Yugoslavia—he is asking a lot, and he has already made major concessions to the Church in Poland. The Pope wants more. *Pace* Stalin, *the Polish leader has discovered how many divisions* the Pope has. Even liberals are beginning to understand who Poland's real leader is.

Goetz, at Last

AFTER MONTHS OF legal maneuvering, it appears that the trial of Bernhard Goetz will get under way in New York, but the prosecutors—if one assumes they really believe they can put Goetz in jail—face enormous problems. As everyone knows, on December 22, 1984, Goetz shot four (black) would-be muggers in a New York subway. All four had criminal records; three have subsequently committed rapes and robberies. They were carrying sharpened screwdrivers and have since admitted that they were intending to rob Goetz when he shot them.

It would be difficult to select a New York jury that had not read extensively about the Goetz case—dif-

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SDI Watch

THE GEORGE C. MARSHALL Institute, a think-tank devoted to science and national security, prepared a report at the end of last year on the technical issues involved in missile-defense deployment. Serving as members of the panel were:

—John L. Gardner, vice president of engineering and operations at McDonnell Douglas;

—Edward T. Gerry, member of the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board;

—William Nierenberg, director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California at San Diego and first chairman of the NASA Advisory Council;

—Frederick Seitz, president emeritus of Rockefeller University and past president of the National Academy of Sciences and of the American Physical Society;

—James J. Frelk, executive director of the Marshall Institute; and

—Robert Jastrow, among other things a frequent contributor to *NR* (see p. 42).

The report, which Dr. Jastrow cites in his article in this issue, disposes of the Peace Now canards about SDI. The summary of its principal findings is worth quoting in full.

"A robust three-layer defense, including a space-based boost-phase defense, can be deployed in seven years from the time of decision to deploy (i.e., in 1994 if the decision is made in 1987). If an incremental approach to deployment is adopted, deployment of the ERIS layer of the defense [anti-ballistic missiles intended to intercept incoming missiles in mid-course] can start as early as 1992. . . .

"Levels of effectiveness of the initial three-layer defense are calculated to be well above 90 per cent—sufficient to send a clear signal to a potential adversary that a nuclear attack cannot achieve its military objectives. A defense with this level of effectiveness virtually forecloses the possibility of a nuclear first strike on the United States.

"Achievement of initial operational capability . . . is estimated to cost $54 billion. Cost of the fully deployed system is estimated to be $121 billion.

"Launch capability needed for the initial stages of deployment of the space-based layer is available in existing rockets.

"The pattern of Soviet ABM activities . . . indicates that the USSR has already begun to break out of the ABM Treaty by providing a base for a nationwide ABM defense, in violation of Article I of the treaty.

"The study panel found no justification for widely published cost estimates ranging up to $1 trillion or more for an effective defense; nor for estimates that an effective defense cannot be deployed until the twenty-first century; nor for the statement that launch capability will not be available to support deployment of a space-based defense in the 1990s."

Perhaps the most striking finding of the report, however, concerned timetables, which the authors expressed in a section entitled "Business as Usual." Their proposed deadlines "assume streamlined management and procurement procedures of the kind used in the Delta 180 experiment [in which a pair of independently maneuvering satellites successfully monitored each other's movements and collided on command]. That experiment was completed by the SDI Organization in 14 months from initiation. Normal procedures would have taken twice as long. If management and procurement practices are conducted on a business-as-usual basis, deployment of the ERIS layer will not commence until the mid 1990s and deployment of the full three-layer defense cannot commence until the late 1990s."

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ficult to select such a jury anywhere in the United States. And, as the jury-selection process begins, prospective jurors are saying things that define the magnitude of the prosecutors' problem.

A 38-year-old engineer: "He defended himself, and he had a right to do it. If I had been in the same position and I had a weapon, I think I would have done the same."

A 57-year-old waitress: "People are disgusted with what's going on out there on the streets today and with muggings in general."

Of the 27 prospective jurors who underwent preliminary screening by the judge the first day, only 11 were kept in the pool for the final selection process. And of the 11, more than half expressed sympathy with Goetz.

Some observers have been taken aback by the vehemence of this grass-roots opinion, but public opinion is of course part of the rationale for a jury system. New Yorkers know the exigencies under which Goetz acted, because they share them every day.

It is quite possible that District Attorney Robert Morgenthau never entertained a serious expectation of convicting Goetz but decided for political reasons to go through the legal process to the end anyway, even appealing an earlier judicial decision throwing out the indictment. At the time of the incident, black spokesmen condemned Goetz, the mayor called him a vigi-

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lante, the *New York Times* condemned him for shooting recklessly, etc. Those people, of course, travel in cabs—if not limousines—but their opinion might have been central to the decision to push ahead with the prosecution. An important trial.

Buchanan Bows Out

FOR A WHILE there, all Washington, and perhaps a few other parts of the country besides, was buzzing with the hot political story of the month: Patrick Buchanan's run for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination.

Buchanan, of course, is a familiar figure in these parts. (His last contribution to *NR* was in our special November 1984 issue, "A Program for Reagan's Second Term.") Richard Nixon spotted the young Buchanan's fiery editorials in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* a quarter-century ago, and he has given many a doughty stroke since. He came out of Watergate clean as a hound's tooth and set up shop as a political pundit. Two years ago, he gave up that lucrative career to labor as Ronald Reagan's communications director. For a few weeks, he wanted Reagan's job.

A Buchanan campaign would have raised both the temperature and the intellectual level of the debate. It faced enormous difficulties, however, both practical and conceptual. Whatever Buchanan's original intention, he would have been forced to bash fellow conservatives. He also faced the same disabling objection as the other Pat, the Reverend Pat Robertson: The list of presidential candidates who have never held elective office is exceedingly short, and consists mostly of generals. The Presidency is not an entry-level position.

There remains the fact that such an inherently problematic candidacy should have been taken as seriously as it was. Probably it was just *ennui*; but the episode also flushed out a feeling, most pungently expressed by Buchanan's sister and would-be campaign manager, that the presumptive conservative challenger, Jack Kemp, has not caught fire. With 11 months still until the Iowa caucuses, such talk is decidedly premature: To catch fire now may be to burn out. A lot can happen between now and voting day; and—Kempites take heed—a lot will have to.

Dr. King

ALL NATIONAL HOLIDAYS have a ritualistic as well as a celebratory quality, and they are not accorded to people of mean achievement. When people celebrate George Washington or Columbus or the legendary St. Patrick, they are celebrating both achievement and themselves. And since we have been moving toward a sort of pluralistic "balanced ticket" in national Days, it may be good, on balance, to have a Martin Luther King Day. Some of his accomplishments were valuable. A black hero does belong in the calendar, reflecting the citizenship of blacks.

Of course, it has to stop somewhere. With any luck, the Hispanics will settle for Columbus, who, although an Italian, worked for Ferdinand and Isabella and led the way for the Spanish conquest of much of the New World.

And, sigh, the Women. Molly Pitcher Day? Emily Dickinson Day? Eleanor Roosevelt Day? Phyllis Schlafly Day? Yes, there are high times ahead.

Still and all, one is uneasy—and not only whites are uneasy—about the late Dr. King as a presumptive national hero.

Everyone knows that Parson Weems created a George Washington myth, the cherry tree and all the rest of it, and that Washington, a wealthy man to begin with, made of the Revolution a financial bonanza. And, in their various ways, our other heroes were also merely human.

But, until now, nothing like this.

The historian David Garrow, in two recent—and sympathetic—studies of Dr. King, gives copious documentation showing that King, a married man and an ordained minister, was a compulsive philanderer, and compulsive may be too weak a word. Professor Garrow also shows that King was closely and continuously associated with several men who were almost certainly Communists and, though warned about this by the Kennedy brothers, persisted.

In his protest against back-of-the-bus rules in Birmingham, King had a persuasive purity. His counsels of nonviolence were noble, as well as tactically sound. Many were moved by his oratorical skills. But something not so admirable seems to have happened to him along the road, just where and why is not so clear. During his final phase he moved far to the left, planned those Poor People's Marches on Washington (which failed), and talked vaguely of revolution.

As one pursues with Professor Garrow the historical Martin Luther King—as contrasted with the mythical one—the gap between the two widens, and the famous Dream detumesces. One now feels that Martin Luther King Day represents affirmative action in the

Remembering the Grand Opening

As Hirohito greets the year
With verse that hails, like Chanticleer,
The rosy economic dawn,
I, feeling like a battered pawn,
Defer applause and ask, instead,
If Perry should have stood in bed.

W. H. VON DREELE

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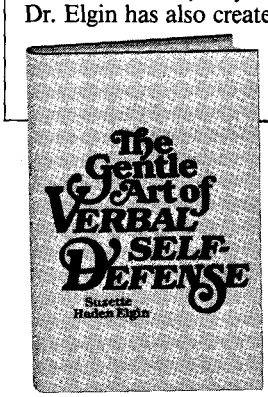
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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creation of national memorials. But let's hang in there, and contribute to the disposal of the historical Dr. King down the memory hole.

Exit Mr. Shawn

IT SHOULDN'T BE hard to understand the two points of view. On the one hand the frenetic undertow of competition, and the feeling that that which must eventually happen (the retirement of Mr. Shawn) should perhaps be accelerated (to accommodate anxious business and editorial pressures). That is the point of view of management, and management's concern for quality of leadership is documented by its choice of a successor, a bookish, imaginative editor, Robert Gottlieb, in some ways not unlike his legendary predecessor. When asked some time ago what were his concerns, he replied that they were his work, his reading, his family, and the ballet. He is not encumbered, in his ascendancy from editor of Knopf to editor of *The New Yorker*, by any shortage of skills or taste. His difficulty, which will probably be short-lived, is his lack of consanguinity. He was not (the objection from the second point of view) a member of the *New Yorker* family.

In a perfect world, Mr. Shawn would have lived forever. Not that there was always satisfaction: Inasmuch as Mr. Shawn's whole world was *The New Yorker*, sometimes *The New Yorker* read as though it was edited only for those whose whole world would be *The New Yorker*. But his traits were for that very reason unique: Caring only for his creature, he gave everything within his power to give, and the creeping asphyxiation of the long, leisurely time for the written arts that is a function of this hectic century was something the century would need to worry about, because Mr. Shawn would not. His ways were his ways, and those who worked with him—worked for him—knew that they had experienced true singularity in a world bent on Procrusteanism.

Ray Bolger, RIP

IT HAS TO BE that to be able to do such things with your body affects the temperament. One thinks of the languid good nature of Fred Astaire, the benign relaxation of Danny Kaye. Ray Bolger made you feel as though all of life were as easy to handle as the dance steps he entranced the world with, featuring the softest soft-shoe in American entertainment. He was fine as the disjointed Scarecrow, slithering about the magical Kingdom of Oz, enchanting the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion and Dorothy (they were in love, actually). In later seasons he would attend a musically inclined camp for a few days every summer, and the postprandial clans would gather wondering: Will Ray dance tonight? Answer: Maybe. But when he did, atmospheric pressure lifted, with the ease of the least of his routines, and everyone was made glad to have seen Ray Bolger, flesh-and-blood. He is gone now to the happiest of kingdoms, leaving a world lessened by his parting.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Editor
New York Times Book Review

Dear Sir:

For the record, I had nothing to do with the choice of the two headlines ("Joy of Sesquipedality" and "I Am Lapidary but Not Eristic When I Use Big Words") imposed on my essay on the use of long words and foreign phrases (*NYTBR*, Nov. 30, 1986).

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

THE PRESS AND THE UNUSUAL WORD—WELCOME? TOLERABLE? FORBIDDEN?

ONE DAY IN MAY I found on my desk my column, clipped from that morning's *Washington Post*, a red arrow—courtesy of my secretary—pointing to a footnote underneath the column. It read "ERISTIC: (i ris/ tik) *adj* [Gr. *eristikos*, d. *erizein*, to strive, dispute d. *eris*, strife] of or provoking controversy, or given to sophistical argument and specious reasoning." I looked up to the corresponding asterisk in the text, and there saw my sentence, "The action by Judge Robert Carter [in fining the National Conference of Catholic Bishops for contempt] has brought out a lot of smiles in judicial political circles (as a rule, you don't step up and fine the Catholic Church —or the Protestant churches, or Jewish synagogues— for failure to comply with eristic complaints)." (The Abortion Rights Mobilization was suing to deny the bishops their tax deductibility, to which end it had persuaded the judge to subpoena the bishops' internal memos on abortion.) Meg Greenfield (the *Post*'s editorial-page editor) was rapping me on the knuckles, a quite unusual public reproach: I couldn't remember when last she had thought to help the readers of the *Post* to understand unusual words, however much time she needs to spend explaining unusual editorial positions. Dear Meg, I thought. The instincts of the Jewish Mother just took over this time.

And then, a week or two later, another clipping on my desk, red arrow, footnote, only this time it was the *Charlotte* (N.C.) *Observer*, explaining to its readers the meaning of "lapidary." (Its footnote: "Lapidary. Having the elegance and precision associat-

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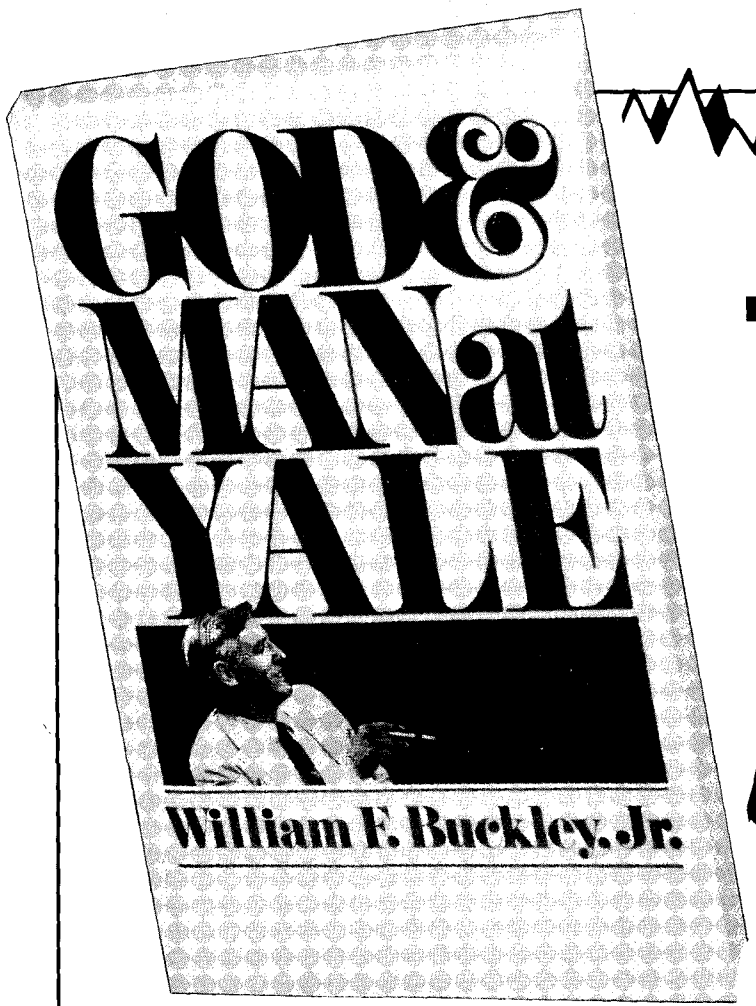

HERE'S THE BOOK THAT STARTED IT ALL!

Things have never been the same since William F. Buckley Jr.'s *God and Man at Yale* first hit the bookstands. The effect was electrifying. It became an almost overnight best-seller and vaulted its young author into national prominence. Few books have aroused such a *hostile* reaction from the liberal media—while at the same time gaining the "culprit" so many loyal fans.

Now this extraordinary book (a conservative classic) is once again available in a handsome new edition, complete and unabridged—plus a brilliant new introduction (almost a small book in itself) that updates the whole story and makes this edition even more valuable than the original.

As John Chamberlain noted at the time: "Mr. Buckley's chief sin, as this book will make plain to the discerning, is to hold certain truths to be self-evident: that the free economy is better for both the individual and the group than the 'planned' or the controlled economy; that man has a definite nature, which includes intimations of a moral and religious character . . ." Powerful stuff for the dominant liberal establishment in 1951 when the book was published—powerful stuff for America today!

God and Man at Yale is, in fact, a conservative milestone. Now, while they last, you can get your own personal copy with this special offer. Just extend your present subscription to *National Review* for another year (no matter when it expires), or enter a new subscription, at the regular yearly rate of $34, and you get the book FREE and POSTPAID! Don't miss this special offer. Fill out the card facing this page and send it to us today.

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ed with inscriptions on monumental stones.") I was feeling a little beleaguered, and presently there appeared a letter of explanation from Mr. Ed Williams, associate editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, and the challenge was now, well, lapidary. Mr. Williams wrote me:

"I oversee the *Observer*'s daily Viewpoint page, and in that capacity am in charge of preparing syndicated columns for publication in this newspaper. Sometimes I insert aids to the reader, such as the definition of 'lapidary' in your recent column, enclosed. A fellow editor asked why I didn't also define *à outrance*. I replied that I thought you use foreign words and phrases in your column because 1) you like to show off, and 2) you take delight in irritating people. Far be it from me, I said, to deny you those pleasures. Then I realized I shouldn't presume to answer for you. So let me ask. Why do you use, in your column, foreign words and phrases, and unfamiliar English words, that are unlikely to be understood by the average reader, or at least the average editor? Surrounded by dictionaries, I await your reply."

THE POINT here raised—When is it okay to use an unfamiliar word? When is it not okay?—is endlessly argued, yet even so, fresh insights and original formulations are occasionally minted. One of these, I think, was Dwight Macdonald's distinction, made in his marvelous survey of Webster's Third for *The New Yorker* (March 10, 1962), between unusual words (okay) and words "that belong in the zoo sections of the dictionary" (not okay). I should think most people would agree, for instance, that "arachibutyrophobia" would be an example of the latter (the word means the fear of peanut butter's sticking to the roof of your mouth). James Jackson Kilpatrick, in his book *The Writer's Art*, takes a position on the dogmatic side against the use of unfamiliar words and cites me, however kindly, as a prodigious offender (the Lord delivered Kilpo into my hands, because his proscriptive passage against long & unusual words contained four long & unusual words). Mr. Kilpatrick likes to quote Westbrook Pegler, who denounced the use of what he called "out-of-town words."

The question, under the proximate prodding of Mr. Williams, is worth revisiting. And the best way to begin, I suppose, is to examine the two words singled out for attention: the first word, the word Mr. Williams thought that courtesy required him to translate for the benefit of his readers, and then the second, the French word, which he let pass as arrant and provocative exhibitionism.

What happens when Mr. A. and Miss B. flatly disagree about whether a word is "unusual"? Well, there is a problem there of an obvious order, namely, that some words are unusual but widely recognized, while others are unusual and widely unrecognized. Returning to the general theme a few weeks ago, Mr. Kilpatrick wrote in his column, "The *Miami Herald* carried a 72-point four-column head, 'DADELAND IS DOYEN OF AREA MALLS,'" and reported that he had received a letter (Mr. Kilpatrick also writes a syndicated language column, and serves as ombudsman on usage) from a Floridian who wanted to know, "How many people know what 'doyen' means?" Observed K.: "The more pertinent question: How many of the *Herald*'s 450,000 readers know what doyen means? Ten per cent? Twenty per cent? Eighty per cent?" But Kilpatrick is a man of troubled conscience, because he goes right on to say that here he himself has just finished making reference to "72-point" type. That is workaday prose, of the John-Jane-Gyp order, for anyone who has ever engaged in editorial enterprises—but what about those 450,000 readers? Might they not have preferred, K. tortures himself, "inch-high type"?

Nobody is going to pay Mr. Gallup a lot of money to find out how many people in Florida know what the word "doyen" means. And not many people would be willing to come up with a threshold percentage: *More than X know doyen?—Okay to use. Fewer than X? Verboten* (forbidden). That's on the order of defining the line where obscenity begins.

All of which brings me to say that I do not think of "lapidary" as a word so unrecognizable as to interrupt the reading flow of the average college graduate. But in saying this it is important to reiterate one of the points I made in the public argument I had with Mr. Kilpatrick (in the introduction to his book, which he assigned me to write). It is quite simply this, that people with vocabularies of the same size are by no means people who know the same words. A while ago I reviewed a book by John Updike (*The Coup*), discovering over twenty words the meaning of which I didn't know. Knocking these words around at an editors' session in my office, I would find that, cumulatively, my five colleagues knew them all. So: Sam Johnson's apophthegm, "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath," if it is not in the anthologies that circle Mr. Williams's desk, ought to be.

But then let's take the tougher one. Here is what I wrote in a column on Paul Weiss, the philosopher whose 85th birthday was something of a national event. "At Yale [Professor Weiss] was the political liberal *à outrance*, but his orderly mind made it hard for him to defend some of liberalism's zanier forms."

This, now, is concession time. How many people are familiar with "*à outrance*"? It is, no question about it, an out-of-town word, though Pegler certainly ran into it when he was out of town covering the war in France in 1918, where the Germans faced the French, British, and Americans, fighting their trench warfare *à outrance*. But the French word is given in Webster. First, the inquirer gets plain "outrance," in English ("the last extremity"), and then is invited to look at "*à outrance*," a separate entry, which gives:

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"to the death, unsparingly." The Oxford English Dictionary also lists it in French, and cites uses of it by Tobias Smollett and Walter Scott . . .

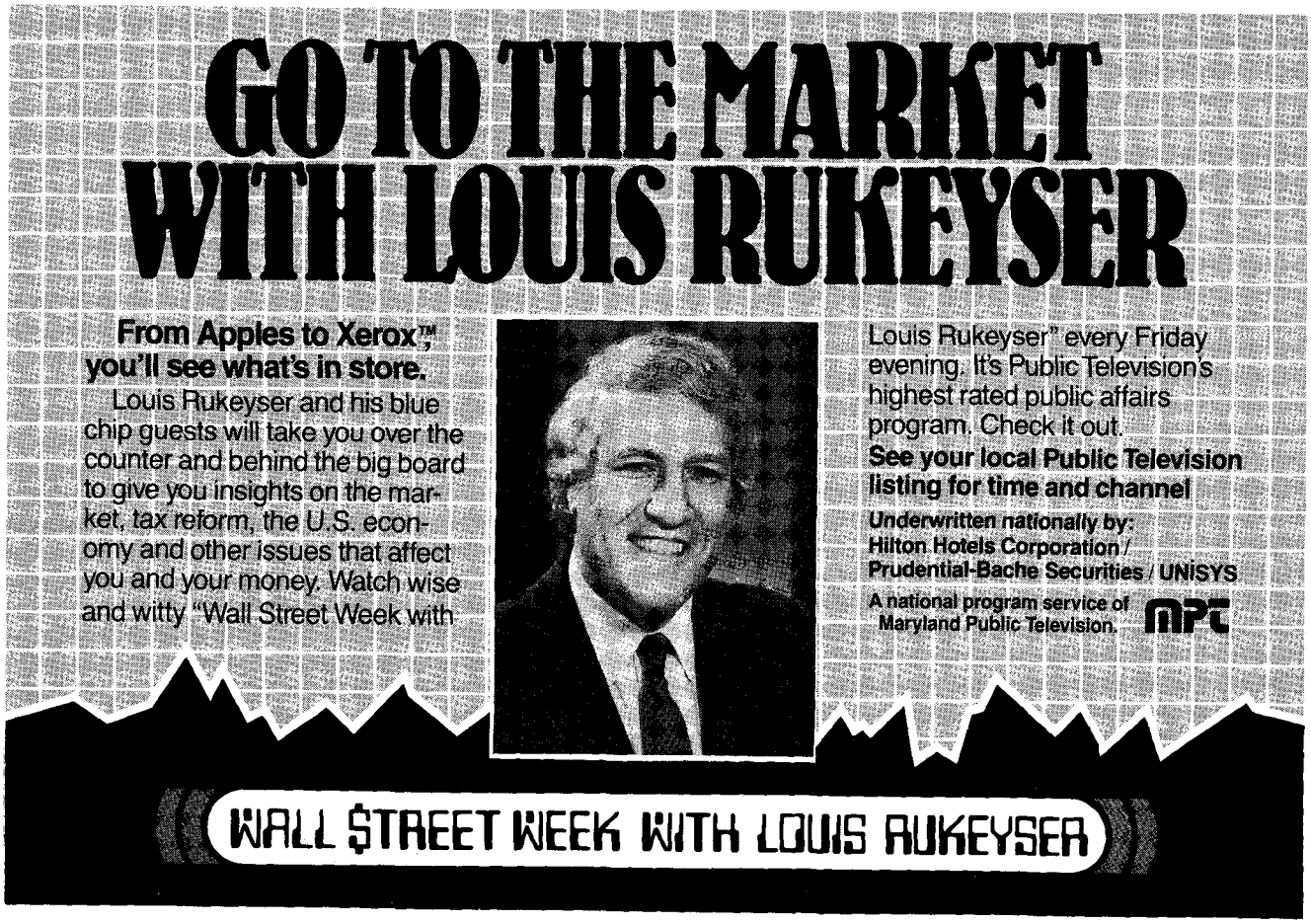
But why should a syndicated columnist use the word? I can hear Mr. Williams re-asking. Well, not, really, just to show off—one doesn't "show off" one's workaday equipment. You see, that word, and a hundred or two others, are a part of my working vocabulary, even as a C augmented 11th chord with a raised ninth can be said to be an operative resource of the performing jazz pianist.

Are we now closing in on the question, by using the exclusivist word "performing"?

YES, IN A WAY we are, I suppose. Because just as the discriminating ear greets gladly the C augmented 11th when just the right harmonic moment has come for it, so the fastidious eye encounters happily the word that says exactly what the writer wished not only said but conveyed, the writer here defined as a performing writer sensitive to cadence, variety, marksmanship, accent, nuance, and drama.

What of the reader who misses the refinement? Well, what of the listener deaf to the special reach of the C augmented 11th? That reader has the usual choices: He can ignore the word; he can attempt, from the context, to divine its meaning precisely or roughly (not hard, in the narrative above, on Professor Weiss's liberal politics); or he can look it up. Are these alternatives an imposition? Yes, if the newspaper's feature that day is on how to treat a rattlesnake bite. You would not instruct the reader to fight the poison *à outrance.*

But newspapers, in particular in one-paper cities, tend to acknowledge an obligation beyond merely reporting the news. The very idea of a "feature," whether designed to advise (Ann Landers), amuse (Art Buchwald), satirize (G. B. Trudeau), or opine (the syndicated columnist), presupposes that the performer should use the full range of his relevant skills, even if the percentage of readers who turn to that feature is reduced. Surely there is a corner, in spacy papers that carry five pages on sports, for Addison and Steele? It required a Pulitzer Prize to alert some editors to the very existence of Murray Kempton, the most entertaining analytical belletrist in town, and now we read him, hungrily, in the *Stamford Advocate.* Readers have diverse interests, resources, skills, appetites. The Latin Mass Committee petitioned for the resumption of a single Mass to be said in Latin in London after the postconciliar ban of 1965, and was turned down—on the ground that Latin was only "for the educated few." Sir Arnold Lunn said it all in a letter to the *Times.* "Surely," he wrote, "Mother Church, in all her charity, can find a little place, *even* for the educated few?" —**WFB**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PRESIDENT BRADLEY?

BILL BRADLEY, the Democratic senior senator from New Jersey, has been drawing quiet but constant notice here of late. At a time when both parties are circling overhead to see how best to fill the power void, and as more Democrats come to accept the fact that Jimmy Carter liberalism won't cut it forever, Bradley is increasingly the darling of his party. Although he has announced that he will *not* run for President in 1988, there's a growing number of powerful Democrats hoping—and establishment Republicans fearing—that he could change his mind.

Why the enthusiasm over this former basketball player (N.Y. Knicks, 1967-1977) and Rhodes scholar? Bradley's main appeal is that he seems to be the perfect Democrat to take control of an America that is still coasting on the residual propulsion of a Reagan Revolution whose engines have been shut down. "Bradley is the best nominee for the Democrats," flatly asserts *New Republic* columnist Fred Barnes, who published a study urging Bradley to run for the White House. "He's appealing, a strong vote-getter, and, most importantly, not a knee-jerk liberal." The senator, indeed, stands at the front of a growing group of Democrats who are leaving behind the 1984 San Francisco convention, that symbol of a liberal, out-of-touch, special-interest Democratic Party.

In his eight years as senator, Bill Bradley has split from two traditional Democratic myopias, isolationism abroad and welfarism at home. He voted in favor of funding for SDI and, even more controversially (for a Northeastern Democrat), aid to the Contras. Bradley drafted his own tax-reform proposal, with Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.), and stood solidly against tax increases. He came up with the Bradley Doctrine, a plan wherein the debts of Third World countries would be partially forgiven (if they embraced enlightened free-market policies), thus producing more revenue with which to buy imports and relieve the horrific $174-billion U.S. trade deficit. In early January, by the way, the Bradley plan was embraced by the Reagan Administration, with no notice taken of its original authorship.

Bradley has by no means thumbed his nose at the Democratic Left, however. His rating from Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) is a healthy 84. "Bradley is basically liberal," says political analyst Stuart Rothenberg. "What makes him attractive on a bipartisan level is that he has the will to depart from liberal orthodoxy when he believes it to be wise."

Perhaps the best semantic tag for Bradley is neolib. On a recent hour-long TV program hosted by this scribe, Bradley was sandwiched between William Gray (D., Pa.), chairman of the House Budget Committee, and Republicans Bob Dole (Kan.) and Jack Kemp (N.Y.). In that pressure cooker, Bradley revealed the essence of his politics and, to some extent, his character. "If the Democrats continue to hammer away at economic growth, strong defense, and civil rights, we're going to be in good shape." Several times during the program, the 43-year-old senator invoked JFK, the neolib mascot, pointing to Kennedy's commitment to a centrist foreign policy, strong defense, economic growth, and civil rights. While Gary Hart is accused of opportunistic mimicry of the JFK image, Bill Bradley's appeal to the JFK legacy is generally seen as substantive and agreeable.

Well, how seriously shall we take Bill Bradley? As Tallulah Bankhead asked, "Is there less to this than meets the eye?" In a mock thirty-second State of the Union address on the same television program, Bradley declared in predictable Democratic fashion that America should confront, head-on, "the challenge of living together as a multiracial society . . . to fulfill our noble ideals and to make the promise of America available to all." Not especially original or stem-winding. Even Bradley fans acknowledge that his speaking style produces the MEGO (My Eyes Glaze Over) effect. "A few years ago, Bradley was totally inarticulate," says a supporter. "Now he's better, but he'll never be a Reagan."

Whatever Bradley's plusses and minuses, he's striking fear into the hearts of Republican hopefuls. "If Kemp's up against Hart or Cuomo," says a Kemp campaign aide, musing on his boss's chances, "I think we could win. With Bradley, we'd have trouble." From Barnes: "If George Bush were running against Bill Bradley, the average conservative would face a real quandary."

BRADLEY'S attractiveness to Republican rank-and-file, though, might prove his undoing. "The good news for Bradley is that thousands of pols are pushing him to run," says Robert Novak sarcastically. "The bad news for him is they're all Republicans." The nomination is Bradley's real hurdle. "Bradley's got a lot of plusses," says Rothenberg. "But there's a concern in the party about his position on Contra aid. To many Democrats, it's an absolute litmus test and Bradley flunked it."

The nomination problem explains in part Bradley's reluctance to run. But the dominant reason for Bradley's hanging back may well be his innate scholar's caution—shall I say wisdom?—which sees the sweeping commitment required by the office, its relentless obligations, and the state of preparedness needed to seek and assume it. Perhaps what recommends Bradley most is his awareness of these realities and the restraint they impose on his inclinations. Is that not a welcome change in this breeding ground of instant power hungers? □

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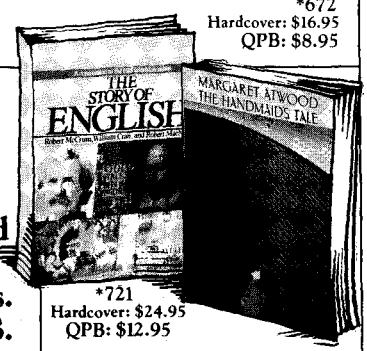

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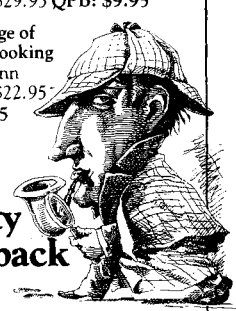

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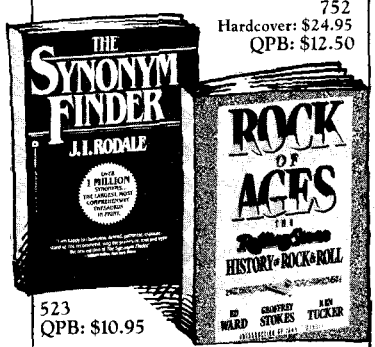

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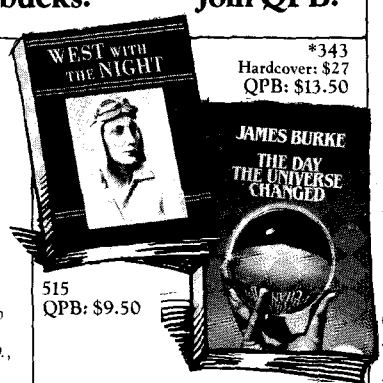

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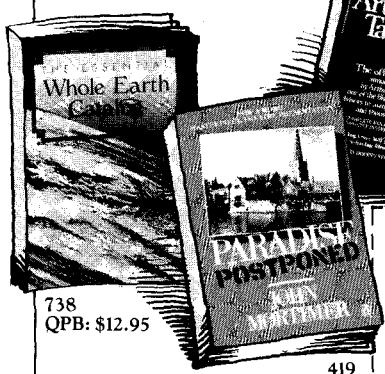

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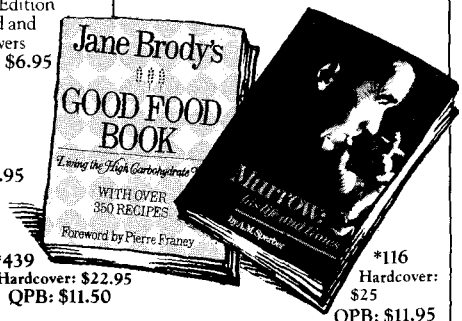

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GORBACHEV AND 'IRAGUA'

I DARE SAY Senator Gary Hart, lately in Moscow, sees useful mileage in "Iragua" (or whatever neologism makes it into the history books), but the real beneficiary is going to be Mikhail Gorbachev.

It is fascinating and instructive to compare Moscow's reaction to the current "scandal" with the way the controlled Soviet media reacted to the developing Watergate business. This kind of event is so totally alien to the Soviet experience that it appears to throw the leadership, at least temporarily, off balance.

What the Soviet rulers didn't like about Watergate, at least initially, was that, through no fault of their own, they were being deprived of the man who had been giving them many of the things they most wanted: committing the American side in the "détente" process to an inevitably one-sided declaration on non-interference in each other's internal affairs; calling for an "irreversible" improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations; and supporting the Four-Power Agreement on Berlin of September 1971, which greatly increased Soviet opportunities for espionage in West Germany.

To say this is not to overlook President Nixon's long-term view of what might have been made of détente, so persuasively argued in his book *Real Peace*. The fact is that much as the Soviets like to undermine Western countries, they like to do it their own way. Hence for weeks the Soviet press stayed silent on Watergate, and when the Soviets felt they had to say something they attributed the scandal to "enemies of détente."

Something rather similar seems to have been happening, or failing to happen, over Iragua (even if there are significant reactions by the time this column is in the hands of its readers). True, when the Iragua story first broke in Washington, one Soviet commentator demanded to know who was running American foreign policy, but there has been no systematic buildup in the level of Soviet rhetoric since. It is safe to assume that General Secretary Gorbachev must be studying the situation very closely to see what profit his regime may derive from it, in real terms rather than as propaganda.

Watergate gravely weakened the American Presidency and prepared the ground for the advent of the weakest President in recent memory, Jimmy Carter. When Leonid Brezhnev got the message that he could get away with just about anything in the way of foreign intervention, the Soviets instigated successful coups in Ethiopia, Afghanistan, and South Yemen, airlifted tens of thousands of Cuban troops to Africa, and extended their proxy power to Nicaragua.

In some respects, the weakening of President Reagan and the self-inflicted wounds now multiplying constitute a more serious blow to the West than the appeasing policies of Jimmy Carter. For, after all, Ronald Reagan is the President who set his country on the road to recovery in defense, who liberated the first sovereign state from Communism (Grenada), who launched the Strategic Defense Initiative, and, not least, who gave assistance to anti-Soviet freedom-fighters in Angola, Afghanistan, and Nicaragua under the Reagan Doctrine. If an outstanding leader like Reagan can find himself crippled by so relatively minor a matter as Iragua, what hope is left for the Western societies Moscow is out to destroy?

How, then, will Gorbachev exploit the opportunities that have landed, quite fortuitously, in his lap? The good side is that Gorbachev and his new team are heavily involved in trying to do something about the accumulated mess they have inherited from the years of the gerontocracy. After nearly seventy years, Communism has proved a massive economic disaster. Shortages and corruption are rampant. Endemic alcoholism is being tackled by the drastic supply-and-demand method of a dramatic rise in the retail price of vodka. Brezhnev's later years have been heavily criticized in *Pravda*. Chernobyl was an international humiliation for the Soviet Union, followed by anti-Russian rioting in the capital of Kazakhstan.

Welcome though the release and apparent rehabilitation of Andrei Sakharov is, it must be seen, from Gorbachev's standpoint, primarily as a propaganda gesture to impress people like Senator Hart (who had publicly expressed the view that the bureaucracy wouldn't allow Gorbachev to do any such thing). True, Sakharov has been speaking his mind on Afghanistan, but he has done likewise on "Star Wars," which makes one wonder whether his views on that particular issue may have been known, and judged useful, when it was decided to bring him back from exile.

SO, TO ANSWER my own question, I should be surprised, in the light of current problems, if Gorbachev were to embark on a further bout of expansionist adventures, though he is not about to ease the pressure in such places as El Salvador. The most promising field of exploitation, from the Soviet standpoint, is undoubtedly arms control. Watergate suggests that a weakened U.S. President is strongly tempted to try to regain popularity by reaching agreements with the USSR (read: making concessions).

Will a weakened President Reagan fall into this trap? I sincerely hope not. I hope and pray that he sees the danger, and finds the strength and the necessary support to place the long-term interests of the free world first, and refrain from yielding to seductive temptations. □

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MAX SINGER

CAN THE CONTRAS WIN?

IN THE CRUDE Contra camps in the tropical forest near the border of Nicaragua, morale is high. I visited the camps last month and saw thousands of young Nicaraguan farmboys confidently working together, in a reasonably well-organized way, to do a difficult and dangerous job. I arrived in time to see a unit being issued new boots, hammocks, and uniforms from the United States, courtesy of the appropriation signed by the President last October. With the arrival of this equipment, they were looking forward to re-establishing themselves deep inside Nicaragua and regaining the positions they had won in 1983 and 1984, positions that had to be abandoned when U.S. aid was cut off.

But even with the best equipment, the best morale, and the best farmboys, the question remains: Can the Contras win? In Washington the question is sometimes asked insincerely: To argue that their efforts are futile can be more effective than denigrating their mission. But even for those who know what the Sandinistas are and understand the importance of defeating them, it is an important question; for, if the Contras cannot win, another solution must be found, and quickly.

The question, however, turns entirely on how we define success for the Contra forces. The Contras are—and, even with reasonable levels of U.S. aid, will remain—a guerrilla army, fighting a guerrilla war. In a guerrilla war, the goal of the insurgents is not to defeat the assembled and fully supported armies of the enemy in pitched battle, but to field a force powerful enough to expose and exploit the political weaknesses of the established power. In a guerrilla war, politics is the continuation of warfare by other means. Thus the question, Can the Contras win? divides into two parts: 1) Can they field a military force sufficient to take advantage of any weakness in the Sandinistas' political situation? and 2) Can other, non-military forces be brought to bear to make the Sandinistas' political situation critical?

In practical terms, there are three arenas of conflict: the hills and jungles of the Nicaraguan countryside, where the military conflict will primarily be waged; the corridors of international diplomacy, where the political conflict will be waged; and the cities of Nicaragua, where the endgame will be played.

Mr. Singer is a founder and former president of the Hudson Institute and is currently president of The Potomac Organization, a Washington-based consulting firm.

In discussing the military part of the conflict, it is useful to have Nicaragua's physical features in mind. Nicaragua is a triangle, with each side about three hundred miles long. The north side is the border with Honduras (El Salvador is across a bay at the western end). The east side is the Caribbean Sea. And the third side meets the Pacific Ocean for about half its length and borders Costa Rica for the other half.

Eighty per cent of the people live in the Pacific zone, which is 160 miles long and extends only about fifty miles inland from the ocean to the mountains. Most of the zone is flat, and much of it is occupied by Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, but it includes a small spine of mountains. Nearly half the Nicaraguan population lives in four cities stretched in a seventy-mile line through this area.

Most of the rest of the population—mainly poor farmers and coffee-growers and the residents of the small towns that serve them—is spread through the mountain zone to the north and east of Managua.

The third zone—the Atlantic (Caribbean) zone—includes about half of the area of the country but is nearly uninhabited. It is mostly mountain, jungle, and swamp, with a few small towns near the coast. The 150,000 or so inhabitants of this area are mostly Protestant and English-speaking Indians or blacks whose chief desire is to be left alone by the rest of the country.

The original Contra force was established by Nicaraguans, mostly former members of the National Guard and disillusioned Sandinistas. Later the CIA became involved, at first with quite limited goals. In 1981-82 it was decided that the Contras needed a political authority to fight under, and the directorate of the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (FDN) was created. Half of the directors were proposed by the leaders of the fighting force and half by the Americans. The directors represent most of the political spectrum of Nicaragua—including the son of one of the founders of the Sandinista party—and almost all of them were involved in the active opposition to Somoza. More recently a new umbrella organization, the United Nicaraguan Opposition (UNO) has been formed, largely at the instigation of the United States. The additional layer of bureaucracy is cumbersome, but the UNO did bring in several opposition leaders who were not in the FDN. Though there have at times been other anti-Sandinista guerrilla forces, such as Edén Pastora's, for now the guerrilla war is almost entirely the responsibility of the UNO-FDN force.

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From the beginning, the FDN's idea was to put all its energy into liberating the country from the Communists, deferring disagreements over future policies to the democratically elected government that would replace the Sandinistas. Therefore, the FDN has never been a party with a program for running Nicaragua. From the beginning its written commitment was "to turn over power to a transitional Government of National Unity, which will issue a call for elections within a year."

From 1982 to 1984 the FDN grew from a few hundred men to a force of some 14,000, almost a fifth of whom had come over from the Sandinista forces. This group of volunteers, more than 5 per cent of all young men in Nicaragua, is one of the few sources of genuine legitimacy available in the country. (Another is the Church.) For practical purposes the leadership of the Contra fighting force consists of the twenty-odd Regional Force Commanders and about sixty Task Force Commanders—average age about 27—who accept the leadership of Enrique Bermúdez.

Bermúdez is almost the only professional military officer involved in the FDN. Though he was a colonel in the National Guard, he is widely respected as a professional, nonpolitical officer; he was in the U.S. throughout the war against the Somoza regime. Bermúdez, who was with the FDN from the beginning of its fight, is a generation older than the young fighting leaders under his command. He holds them together, supervises the staffs and services they need, and speaks for them to the political authorities. And, as in the Israeli army, the relationship between commander and junior officer is visibly a two-way street.

CONCEPTUALLY, the Contras' task is to demonstrate that the Sandinistas cannot control the country and that a civil war continues. Also, by providing evidence of Sandinista unpopularity, they can let Nicaraguans who do not want to live under the Sandinistas know that there is a basis for hope—that they have an alternative to accepting the Sandinista regime indefinitely.

These conceptual objectives translate into several operational tasks. First, the Contras need to show that they can operate successfully as guerrillas in large parts of the populated rural areas—at least in the mountain zone, possibly also in parts of the Pacific zone. ("Operating successfully" means that they control the territory except when the Sandinista army—*Ejército Popular Sandinista* [EPS]—sends large forces to a particular area—in which case the guerrillas have to be able to keep from being trapped.)

Second, they will have to show that they can defeat a Sandinista force up to the size of a battalion (about three hundred to five hundred men), whenever they can engage one in battle where it cannot be reinforced in time or protected by overwhelming air power. This would significantly undermine the morale and legitimacy of the Sandinista regime.

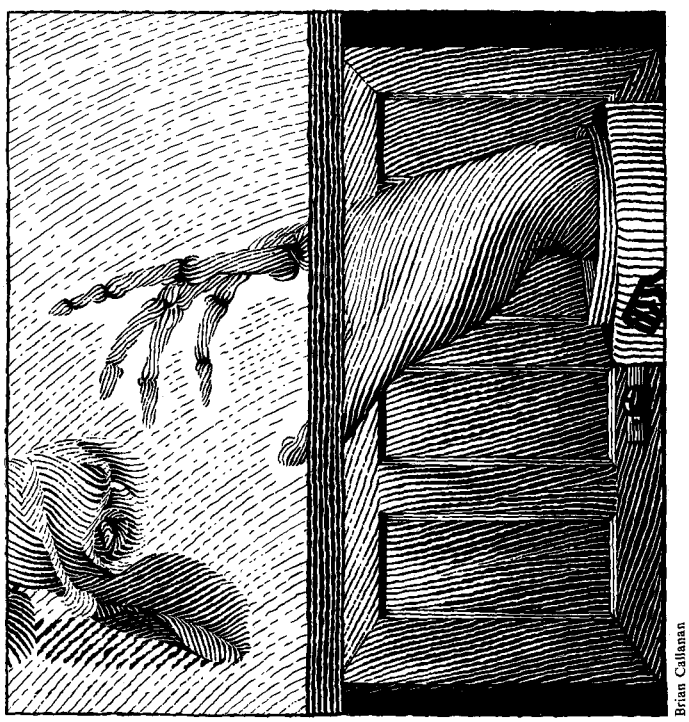
The effectiveness of the EPS is hampered by the disloyalty of many of its soldiers, although it is important to avoid overstating this point. Indeed, an accurate sense of the political condition of the Sandinista army is an essential weapon. The EPS is not so weak that a military rebellion or uprising can be expected. It is capable of maneuvering and marching, and can occupy towns and put down civilian crowds and street gangs. When they catch a guerrilla unit by surprise, or in a situation where the guerrillas are overwhelmingly outgunned, most Sandinista army units will hold together and successfully exploit their advantage.

The key question is whether the Sandinista soldiers will fight if engaged by the guerrillas in heavy battle. When troops are engaged in the frantic business of heavy battle, it is relatively easy for a disloyal or unmotivated soldier to fire into the air, or simply to hide. Any battalion in which enough soldiers do that can be defeated. But there is no way to test that possibility without bringing Sandinista battalions into heavy battle. The challenge for the guerrillas is to be cautious enough not to get into situations where the EPS has an overwhelming advantage, but not so cautious that they never bring substantial Sandinista forces under enough pressure to crack.

The first goal of the guerrilla force is to recover the position it had achieved by 1984. Then it effectively controlled almost all of the populated mountain zone of Nicaragua. In most areas the guerrillas dominated the Sandinistas, except when the Sandinistas were able to bring in large army units and significant air support. Also, in most areas, the FDN guerrillas succeeded in winning the support of a large share of the local population and were able to recruit many new soldiers.

During much of this time the guerrilla forces could buy most of the food they needed from local sympathizers, but they depended on resupply by air for boots, equipment, ammunition, etc. But in the first part of 1985, after the congressional funding cutoff left them without enough money to continue the aerial resupply, and the Sandinistas began to make good use of the big armed helicopters they had received from the Soviet Union, the Contras had to pull most of their forces out of Nicaragua and concentrate on survival. This was the situation for the next two years.

In December of 1986, the UNO-FDN force began to get supplies again. Since then, one Regional Command after another has been sent to operate in a designated zone



Brian Callanan

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deep in Nicaragua. Within three to six months, we will be able to see whether they can regain the position they had attained two years ago.

THE SANDINISTA STRATEGY for stopping them already seems to be failing. During 1986, a large part of the Sandinista army was moved up to the Honduran border area and into Honduras to try to knock the FDN force off balance and to catch the guerrilla units as they left their base area to go into Nicaragua. The Sandinistas launched pre-emptive attacks against the guerrilla bases in March and November 1986 and failed. Their best forces fought poorly, were broken up and hurt, and completely failed to achieve their goals. This was a hopeful sign, but it is not definitive. The Contras are likely to lose some battles, too, before the issue is settled.

Then, in December, Sandinista forces seeking to block the guerrilla units from starting toward their assigned zones failed to stop any of the units from getting out. At the end of 1986 all of the guerrilla units sent out had succeeded in getting through the Sandinista lines without being brought to battle.

When the guerrillas get to their assigned zones, will they do as well as they did in 1984? For several reasons this is uncertain. First, since 1984 the Sandinistas have largely depopulated northern Nicaragua, removing more than seventy thousand local people. Since the guerrillas need a local population to provide food and intelligence about Sandinista army movements, it is not likely that they will be able to operate successfully in those areas any more. But the Sandinistas cannot—at least not without grave political costs—depopulate the whole mountain zone of Nicaragua.

Second, the Sandinistas may have received enough new equipment and training from the Russians, Cubans, and other members of the Eastern bloc to fight much more effectively than they did before. During the two years' respite Congress gave them, the Sandinistas increased the size and improved the training of the EPS, and purged hundreds of soldiers whose political reliability was in doubt. They also did political and propaganda work in the areas where the guerrillas had been operating, and local people who had helped the guerrillas were exposed. The Sandinistas' armed helicopter force has been greatly strengthened. One of the reasons the Contras were so successful up to 1984 is that they had very effective aerial resupply, which the increased Sandinista air power may hamper. Of course this is a two-sided struggle, and the Sandinista improvements may not be enough to change the outcome, or we may improve the Contras' capabilities. This is a dynamic aspect of the contest, dependent on tactics and technical details, and still highly unpredictable.

One of several things that will significantly influence the outcome is the feelings of the EPS soldiers toward their Cuban advisors. If the Cubans often have "accidents" when going into combat alone with an EPS platoon or company, then they will have to stay in groups. In that case they will generally not be able to stiffen units smaller than a battalion, greatly limiting their effectiveness. Indeed, it may turn out that because of a shortage of reliable leadership, the EPS cannot effectively use small units in zones where the Contras are operating. An army that must always operate in battalion-size units is a clumsy instrument.

In sum, there is reason to think the guerrillas have a good chance of re-establishing effective control in much of the populated mountain area of Nicaragua, but there are reasons for uncertainty as well. We'll probably have the answer by summer.

If the guerrillas succeed in their first objective, the next goal will be to establish themselves in some of the rural parts of the Pacific zone. The mountain zone has a population of perhaps half a million. The rural part of the Pacific zone, although covering a much smaller area, has about twice as many people—and it is closer to the cities. These areas present more difficulties for the guerrillas because the heavy Sandinista army forces can move better in the flatter Pacific zone with its much more extensive network of roads. We will have to see whether this extra advantage can be overcome by the guerrillas.

If the guerrillas re-establish themselves in the populated mountains and can operate effectively over most of Nicaragua's rural areas, they will have been reasonably successful by the standards of guerrilla conflicts and will have achieved most of what can be achieved by strictly military means. They will have deprived the Sandinistas of the legitimacy a government gains from controlling its territory; put pressure on the Sandinistas militarily, economically, and politically; discouraged the Sandinistas' Soviet and Cuban backers; and encouraged Nicaraguans to believe the resistance may bear fruit. They will have placed themselves in a position to encourage and take advantage of any significant deterioration of the Sandinistas' internal position.

Note what is *not* required for the military operation to be judged successful and worthy. There is no reason for the guerrillas to attempt to hold any particular piece of territory against a sustained attack by Sandinista divisional forces, supported by tanks, artillery, and air power. As Bermúdez well understands, that is not a guerrilla mission. Neither can the guerrillas be expected to establish permanent bases, nor should they let the population in a given area become dependent on their protection. Finally, the guerrillas do not necessarily have to operate in urban areas. For unless the political aspects of the war are prosecuted as successfully as the military aspects, the guerrillas are not likely to achieve ultimate success.

SO MUCH FOR the current state of the military struggle. The political struggle is in far greater doubt, partly because of mistakes made in the United States. Indeed, one problem is that most American Contra supporters, including much of the Administration, have defined their political mission simply as obtaining funds for the guerrillas. The political task is much broader than that, and the Contras are more dependent on the U.S. and the other democracies for help in carrying it out than they are for arms and money.

The prime goal of the political struggle is to shift the forces of international politics against the Sandinistas. The political campaign must erode foreign moral and material support for the Sandinistas and encourage internal opposition by creating the impression that the Sandinistas are on the losing side of history.

One reason this struggle has been a failure so far is that despite the President's speeches in praise of "freedom-fighters," on the whole the Administration has given the im-

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pression it is ashamed of the Contras, particularly the armed resistance.

This belief is most clearly indicated in the State Department's attitude toward the guerrillas. State has sought to avoid publicity for the armed resistance and to focus attention on the Contras' political apparatus, the United Nicaraguan Opposition. Yet the politicians of the UNO are far less attractive to most people than the fighting heroes of the armed resistance.

The current Iran-Contra scandal is in part a result of the Administration's embarrassment, and has also made it worse. Indeed, because of the scandal, the U.S. part of the struggle to gain political support for the Contras is no longer just a foreign-policy problem. Under the circumstances, the President's most vital need is to make the Contras popular with Americans, so that he can turn the Iran-Contra affair to his political advantage, instead of suffering with it for the remainder of his Administration.

The trap the President is in is a result of the former congressional restrictions on aid to the Contras, which forced the Administration to act secretly or indirectly, even though within the law. Many such actions—for instance, Secretary Shultz's secret talks with the Sultan of Brunei about sending money to the Contras—can easily be made to look unsavory so long as the American people don't understand why helping the Contras is a good and admirable thing.

The President has a way out of the trap. If he helps ordinary Americans come to know the Contras as people and understand the nobility of their struggle, the Contras will become popular here. If that happens, there will be no more political resonance to investigations into past actions on their behalf. In fact, Congress will not want to remind voters how slow it was to help the young men who are fighting for their own freedom and being outgunned by Soviet weapons only a thousand miles from Texas.

The wider struggle for international sympathy and political support might be titled, "After you, Alphonse," because everyone has been waiting for someone else to go first. Part of the reason Congress is reluctant to accept President Reagan's view of the Contras and the Sandinistas is that most of the other democracies seem to be rejecting it, though there is considerable distance between the public and private views of many of those states. The Central American countries don't want to commit themselves against the Sandinistas before the U.S. shows that it is going to stick to the fight. The European democracies won't abandon their comfortable illusions if the local democracies don't clearly call on them for help. And round and round it goes, in a pattern that is sadly familiar to our generation.

The situation now is like a bunch of sheep standing around while one of their number is eaten by a wolf, the rest of them trying hard not to catch the wolf's attention. (A few of the sheep are confused about who the wolf is, but not as many as pretend to be.) The U.S. must do a little sheepherding.

Specifically we have to help Nicaragua's three neighbors —Costa Rica, Honduras, and El Salvador—work together diplomatically to seek support for the Nicaraguan bishops' plan for peace in Nicaragua. This plan, first unveiled in 1984, calls for a ceasefire and negotiations (which the bishops are willing to mediate) among all the Nicaraguan groups, including the armed opposition. And we have to commit ourselves to this plan too: negotiations among Nicaraguans only, including the guerrillas.

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Together, we and the three neighbors should be able to get, from 16 or more members of the OAS, a statement that the Sandinista regime has failed to implement its commitment to the OAS to establish a genuine democracy and that the Sandinistas have been guilty of aggression against their neighbors by means of armed subversion, and urging that the OAS continue the effort it began in 1979 to bring democracy to Nicaragua.

With such a statement from a majority of the OAS members we could probably convince Venezuela and Colombia to take the lead in producing an overwhelming OAS majority for action against the Sandinistas like that taken against Somoza. Countries such as Brazil, if they see that we are determined and have a reasonable theory of victory, are likely to change their minds about the feasibility of ridding the hemisphere of the Sandinistas and their nest of international terrorists.

When the Latin American democracies are visibly lined up against the Sandinistas and in support of the Nicaraguan bishops' peace plan—and therefore indirectly in support of the Contras—it will be possible also to get the support of most European democracies. Thus, if President Reagan takes a firm line, the international view of the Nicaraguan civil war can be almost completely turned around before the end of this year.

WITH THE ARMED RESISTANCE mounting successful guerrilla operations in the populated rural areas of Nicaragua, and with the OAS countries and the European democracies committed to the struggle for democracy in Nicaragua, making the war against the Sandinistas a unifying rather than a divisive issue for the West, it would be time to consider the endgame problem of removing the Sandinistas from the cities and from power.

In the situation I describe, neither the Communist nor the democratic powers would have much faith in the Sandinistas' future. The Soviets and the Cubans have made it clear that they will not send troops to the Sandinistas' defense. With the European democracies and the American states united against the Sandinistas, the Soviets would view the conflict as politically expensive. They do not like situations whose alignments throw East-West divisions into relief—situations in which Cuba, Nicaragua, the Soviet Union, Syria, Vietnam, North Korea, etc., are all on one side and the U.S., the other American states, and the European democracies are all on the other. Even Soviet political and logistic support of the Sandinistas would no longer be assured.

The Nicaraguans would become harder to govern as the Sandinistas began to look like lame ducks. The Sandinista leaders might find things to quarrel about among themselves, and some might abandon ship. The economic situation would further deteriorate. Nicaragua is still getting four times as much economic aid per capita from Western Europe as the Central American democracies are; losing that money would hurt. Nicaraguan citizens would be less intimidated by the Sandinistas as they saw that foreigners had shifted their moral support to the remaining independent entities within the country and had ceased being deceived by the Sandinistas' Potemkin-village treatment.

Some observers ask whether we can expect anti-Sandinista action by the people of Nicaragua's cities—and when. The answer is that we shouldn't expect it, and don't need it, until after the international political picture has changed. We should be ashamed to say that the people in the shadow of Sandinista torture chambers should commit themselves before those in the safety of Washington, Paris, Madrid, and Caracas do so.

At some point it may be possible to create a clandestine organization to operate in the Nicaraguan cities—despite the efficiency and brutality of the Sandinista security apparatus, trained and assisted by the East Germans. But for many purposes such an organization is not needed. (The Contras had one several years ago, but the Sandinistas succeeded in penetrating it.)

The Church is a permanent and visible nationwide presence that provides an independent moral center for people to hold onto. Religious occasions provide opportunities for safely bringing together masses of Nicaraguans, who may then want to express their opposition to their government. Furthermore, Contra radio—which began to operate on regular AM wavelengths earlier this month—can get messages to the people so that some kinds of coordinated political action can take place.

Thus when the Contra guerrilla force is in control of the countryside, and the Sandinista regime is feeling increasingly isolated, the end of the process of bringing it down may begin with some kind of mass political demonstrations or uprisings in Nicaragua's cities. But we don't need to look for evidence of that yet.

THE DREAM OF most Nicaraguans—and most Central Americans—is to be rescued by the U.S. Army (with the extra pleasure many of them would get from condemning the U.S. for saving the day). But an invasion by the U.S. should not be necessary. The Sandinistas, after all, are a very small power.

For completeness, however, the following should be noted. A U.S. invasion, if it came while the guerrilla forces were still in the field, and if it were designed much more astutely than recent U.S. military actions, should require less than a week and fewer than thirty thousand men, and would entail far fewer casualties than would result from a continuation of the civil war. We would not have to fight a Sandinista force in the hills: It is very unlikely that there would be one, and, if there were, the Nicaraguans could handle it.

Such a victory, quickly followed by a free election in which the invasion was endorsed by a clear majority of Nicaraguans, with all the evidence of the foreign-dominated totalitarian system and the terrorist rats' nest it would put in our hands—not to mention the demonstration of Communist helplessness—would be a triumph that would provide a great deal of protection against further Communist efforts to gain power in this hemisphere—and elsewhere as well.

But it is not necessary. All that is needed is to assess realistically what the armed resistance can do and what we must do politically to help its efforts bear fruit. A coherent plan for victory and political leadership at home and abroad can bring the Sandinistas to the point of collapse and restore the integrity of the American mainland. □

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ABROAD

PARIS *M'Bow's Last Bow?*

Most of the member nations of UNESCO, the United Nations' stormy educational and cultural organization, heaved a sigh of relief when Director General Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal announced he would not seek another term after 12 years in office. M'Bow's management of UNESCO's affairs and the enormous deficits run up during his tenure were the main reasons given by the United States and Britain for resigning their membership last year and by countries such as Japan for considering following suit. But M'Bow's active anti-Western leadership was also an element in the American reaction. He was enthusiastic about the Soviet-backed move among Eastern European and Third World members to forge a new world "information" policy, which would have obligated news media to abide by censorship when reporting from any country that did not like unfavorable publicity. He was also considered something of a spokesman for French interests, particularly in the former French possessions in sub-Saharan Africa. The French government has always prided itself on the location of the luxurious UNESCO headquarters in Paris, and only recently Prime Minister Jacques Chirac publicly apostrophized M'Bow in egregiously flattering terms. But M'Bow may not be disappearing from the scene after all. Observers here predict that he will attempt to make a comeback in time to be "drafted" for another term as director general. To this end, he has been touring Latin America, and has even been to see the Pope.

MOSCOW *Expensive Aid*

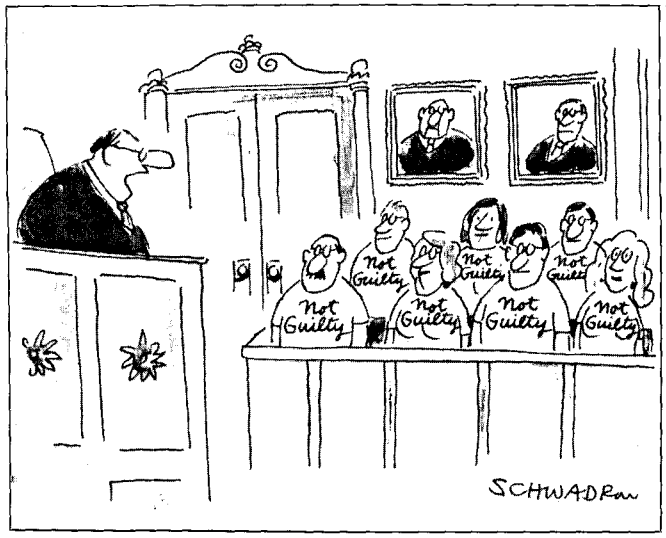
One of Mikhail Gorbachev's policy concerns during his restructuring of the Soviet economy is the enormous amount of money the Soviet Union has been spending inefficiently on aid to Third World countries supposedly in its camp. The aid, which began in the Seventies for the purpose of "undermining the foundations of imperialism," has gone from $12 billion a year to close to $40 billion in 1980. Cuba alone is believed to cost Moscow $5 billion a year. Soviet foreign projects included not only Cuba and its costly field operations in Angola, but Soviet support for the government of Ethiopia; support for Vietnam in its occupation of Cambodia; the invasion of Afghanistan; and arms deliveries to Nicaragua. In some cases, however, such as that of Mozambique, Third World Communist governments found that the West was a far better provider. In propaganda terms, also, Soviet aid has been less than a success: In Third World countries, socialism has come to mean poverty and inefficiency, because Soviet engineers and technicians are often poorly trained and lack the budgets to work effectively. Although Gorbachev cannot jettison major commitments like Angola or Cuba, he is expected to spend his money more wisely in the future.

HAVANA *Woodpecker Politics*

The discovery of living specimens of the ivory-billed woodpecker in the forests of Guantánamo Province in eastern Cuba has electrified environmentalists, biologists, and ornithological enthusiasts around the world, and especially in the United States. The last ivory-bills in continental America were seen in Louisiana many years ago; the species has since been considered extinct. The ivory-bills, which are probably the world's largest woodpecker, are crow-sized, with striking black and white plumage, the male with a flaming red crest. They require large tracts of forest, preferably coniferous, with plenty of insect-infested trees in which to excavate their nests. An international team of ten biologists headed by Dr. Lester Short, of the International Council for Bird Preservation, spotted several of these woodpeckers last spring. The council reports that the Cuban authorities are favorably disposed to help preserve the birds' habitat. Successful protection of the ivory-bills will require considerable help from outside, mainly the United States. Politics, presumably, will not interfere.

SANTO DOMINGO *Columbus's Bones*

As 1992 approaches and preparations for the celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America progress, an awkward point keeps coming up: Where are Columbus's bones? Columbus died in Spain in 1506, but his will left instructions for his body to be shipped across the Atlantic and buried in Santo Domingo. His wish was carried out, but in 1796, when the soldiers of revolutionary France were about to capture Santo Domingo, the bones were transferred for safekeeping to Cuba, then also a Spanish colony. Came another upheaval in the form of the Spanish-American War of 1898, and the Spanish authorities moved the remains back to Spain, where, it is claimed, they lie to this day in the cathedral of Seville. The Dominicans maintain, however, that after the Dominican Republic became independent of Madrid in 1877, the "true" tomb of Columbus was discovered during an excavation of the Santo Domingo cathedral. A Dominican expert, Alfredo Vargas-Cuba, explained: "We would hope that any new investigation settles the matter either by Spain's recognizing that the Santo Domingo bones are the real ones, or by Spain's accepting Columbus's last will and returning to Santo Domingo what they, the Spanish, claim to be his remains." That would still leave two sets of bones, but at least they would be in the same place.



Schwadron, *Punch* / Rothco

"I take it, then, the jury has reached a verdict in State of New Jersey *v.* Espinoza T-Shirt Company."

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ANOTHER NOBEL FOR FREEDOM

THE MONT PELERIN Society's 1986 meeting was held in a most gorgeous Alpine setting at St. Vincent, Italy, just down the road from the Italian side of Mont Blanc. From this high point the society, which was founded in a similar mountain retreat in Switzerland in 1947, proceeded to survey not only the world but its own past.

There was one session devoted to R. M. Hartwell's preliminary report on the history of the society. Other sessions discussed the legacies of various Mont Pelerians of importance—Bruno Leoni, who held the society together when F. A. Hayek, the founder, stepped aside as active president; Luigi Einaudi, who became president of Italy; and Wilhelm Röpke, who helped persuade another member, West German economics minister Ludwig Erhard, to abolish price controls, and so brought about the famous German miracle. It was a total bath in nostalgia.

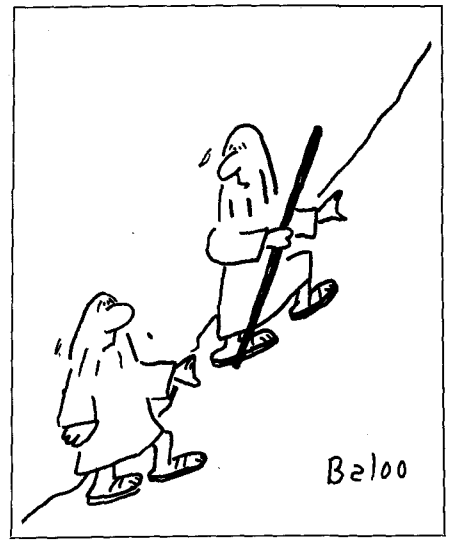
There is no doubt that the Hartwell history of the society will substantiate both the valor and the foresight of the small band of conservatives, libertarians, and classical liberals who, at Hayek's behest, made a common intellectual front against the rampaging collectivism of the 1940s and '50s. But the past is always prologue, and the society, putting nostalgia aside, finally got down to the problems of what Antony Fisher called "the freedom-promotion business."

The English contingent at the meeting brought the most satisfactory news. The conventional wisdom has it that Britain is in a bad way, what with decaying industry and chronic unemployment. But Madsen Pirie, the president of the Adam Smith Institute, painted a most inspiring picture of a country that is running away from socialism as fast as it can.

Mr. Chamberlain is a perennial NR *contributor.*

The so-called Public Choice school of economists, represented in the Mont Pelerin Society by its outgoing president, Jim Buchanan, recent winner of the Nobel Prize, and Gordon Tullock, will tell you that the species *Homo politicus* will always bow to the demands of the strongest pressure groups. Buchanan, who is the fourth Mont Pelerin president to get the Nobel (the others are Hayek, Milton Friedman, and George Stigler), is eloquent on the subject of politicians who play for their own personal advantage. Madsen Pirie does not dispute Buchanan's analysis. But, in Britain, he and his Adam Smith Institute have devised ways and means to create countering pressure groups, which stand to benefit from the sale of government-owned industries to the public.

Pirie calls it the "micropolitical approach." The idea is to go over the heads of recalcitrant union officials, for example, and let the workers know that it would be profitable to them to vote for privatization. One big countering pressure group can be created by guaranteeing the workers shares in an industry at reduced prices. Government managers can be brought over by letting them remain in power as the new private board and by giving them stock options. The shareholders in general can be cosseted by letting them have a reduction in their tax bills for, say, three years.



"I'm seriously considering switching to a god who doesn't live on mountains."

Pirie cited the public flotation of British Telecom as "the classic test of the micropolitical approach." The Labour Party hated it, but the Telecom workers, not all of them enthusiasts for Maggie Thatcher, were more than willing to trade "security in a state industry for the chance to own part of their own private company."

PIRIE THINKS the "British disease" can be cured by privatization. The ravages of the disease have certainly been mitigated by the government sale of a million houses to their occupants. This brought £10 billion to a treasury that has continuously had to fight welfare-state deficits.

I learned from Antonio Martino of Rome, one of the organizers of the St. Vincent meeting, that the Italians are now paying their taxes. But this surprising news was less surprising than the information, which I got from Arthur Seldon of the London-based Institute of Economic Affairs, that the British were going in the other direction. Seldon says that the once heavily law-abiding Britishers have come to the conclusion that it is the government itself that is being immoral in its high-tax policies. So what we now have in Britain is an off-the-books economy of 15 per cent of GNP. If something is added for barter, the total of "black" transactions could be as high as 18 or 20 per cent. Seldon might prefer to see his compatriots fighting the British disease by more legal means, but he is happy to report that the existence of the British underground economy means that the un-

(Continues on page 62)

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MY NEW YORK, MY NEW YORK

THEY'RE ALL DOWN on my town. When the Mets beat the Astros for the National League pennant, Houston took it—"personally" isn't quite right; say, "communally." "To lose to New York is awful," the papers quoted an Astro fan. "To listen to midgets like Len Dykstra and Wally Backman talk big is maddening. That's New York. Twerps bragging."

Conservatives have never liked New York. The UN lives here, so does the *New York Times*, and Barry wanted to saw the whole thing off and let it float out to sea. And the beat goes on.

Last year, two conservative writers —one a young neo, the other a veteran paleo—argued in vivid jeremiads that New York, long the nation's capital in every sense but the political, is finished, done for, dead. This would be nothing more than a local controversy, except for the second part of their thesis: that the premier American city is now, or soon will be, Washington, D.C. Energy, thought, life are gravitating unstoppably to the political center. Athens is being transplanted to Sparta, Paris to Versailles. Mohammed has gone to the mountain; what's more, he's moving in.

I would like to register a modest dissent. New York remains the most important city in the country and the world. In some sense, it is the only city. Washington is, by contrast, a suffocating sinkhole. The condition of New York is sagging, and it may sag all the way to inconsequence. But the condition of Washington will never change. Not to see this is a failure of cultural and political—and perhaps moral—appreciation.

I have lived in New York for nine years. I found my job, my wife, and my publisher here (in order of appearance, not importance). This may be thought to bias me unfairly in New York's favor. But I also grew up in Rochester, New York. For the benefit of out-of-staters to whom this information means nothing, I should explain that Upstate New York is the center of the purest, most dedicated New York hatred in the land. Other Americans hate and fear New York only on certain occasions—a maniacal crime, a federal bailout, a pennant loss. Upstate, we loathed it constantly. Our bile was kept flowing by the geographical accident of being the easternmost fringe of the Midwest yoked in the same state with Babylon. We writhed like Kashmiri Moslems forced by our maharajah to live in Hindu India. New York's enormities were always before our eyes. It was inhabited by weirdos and welfare cheats; it sucked our taxes.

When I was nine years old, my family went to the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, my one childhood visit. My only memories of the city, apart from the fair, were that the bed in the hotel was crummy, and that I saw on the street a newspaper headline, something like RIPS OUT HEART, STOMPS ON IT. They didn't run stories like that in the *Democrat and Chronicle*. All my ancestral prejudices were confirmed. If I have modified them since, it has been the result of experience.

LET US MEET the prosecution. Tod Lindberg moved from New York to D.C. to become executive editor of *The National Interest*. In January 1986 *Commentary* published a long essay by him, "New York Down, Washington Up," on the "*Geist*" of the two cities. Mr. Lindberg's reason for preferring Washington was that Tod Lindberg lived there, along with his friends. "The truth is that I know more people [in Washington] who are like me than I ever did in New York." (I thought one of the points of cities was to meet people who are unlike yourself, but more of this later.) Who are Mr. Lindberg's soulmates? "Intellectuals and would-be intellectuals" who started out "with interests broadly cultural and broadly political," but who have now sharpened their focus, recognizing "the centrality of politics to intellectual life." Where else but Washington could such folk profitably live? Where else could they live at all? "Outside the Beltway . . . lives the mass of men who do not understand, have no hope of understanding, the true role of Donald Regan." Lindberg is being tongue-in-cheek here, you understand, but basically he buys it.

Vic Gold's "New York? New York?" —published in the September 1986 issue of *The Washingtonian*—is a more serious piece, even though it does not use the word *Geist*. Gold's focus is gratifyingly wide: He knows great cities need more than intellectuals, real or would-be, and he starts out, at least, knowing they need more than politicians. "Even the President's motorcade, moving down Pennsylvania Avenue with sirens blaring, couldn't compare to the glitter of Sugar Ray Robinson in his prime, walking down Broadway with his entourage."

But Gold's great strength is memory. Unlike Mr. Lindberg and myself—whippersnappers who know their cities only in the present—Gold, when he asserts that New York has fallen by the wayside, has a point of comparison in mind. For him, the great age of Gotham was the autumn of 1951. That fall, young Gold, a soldier stationed at Fort Slocum, 45 minutes from Times Square, saw *South Pacific* on Broadway, heard Dizzy Gillespie play at Birdland, watched dapper Tom Dewey stroll into the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria ("he didn't look like a loser at anything"), and celebrated Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning home run "heard 'round the world" in Toots Shor's. Bliss was it in that noon to be alive.

Some of the glow of these recollections is no doubt reflected, not from New York's prime, but from the author's youth. And when he turns from the golden past to the grim present—

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Broadway reeling, Birdland and Toots Shor's closed, both Thomson's team (the Giants) and the team he beat (the Dodgers) moved away—Gold occasionally fastens on afflictions that all American cities, not just New York, have suffered. "If you can make it from where the old Paramount used to stand to where the old Lindy's thrived, without being braced by a pimp, a prostitute, a drug pusher, or a porn salesman, you can make it anywhere." You can make it, for instance, through the seedy patches of downtown Washington. It isn't just the Big Apple that has rotted over the last 35 years. In the main, though, his picture of New York's decline is unchallengeable. He was the man, he savored, he was there.

But Gold, like Lindberg, believes that Washington has taken New York's place, and he believes it for Lindberg's reason: the centrality of politics. Politics is the new magnetic pole that draws the nation's needles toward it. Washington dominates finance because the Fed is more important than Wall Street. The nation's best reporters cover government from Washington bureaus. High art, high society, and other appurtenances of the good life have all come south to serve the governors. The President's motorcade looks a lot more glittering than it used to.

Clearly the only way to answer such an indictment is by generalizations, not specifics: *The Stork Club closed, but Area opened*—we could do that forever. But there is one detail of city life that, precisely because Lindberg and Gold don't mention it, ought to be: architecture. It's not surprising the Washingtonians ducked this one, because their city is so chintzy and ugly. Yes, the capital has a handful of impressive monuments and public buildings, but they belong to the Park Service, not the city. They are about as congruous with their surroundings as a sequoia would be on Wilshire Boulevard, or the Statue of Liberty on Park Avenue. Some charming nineteenth-century structures remain—relics of Washington's days as a small town, when it did not put on airs. But a full half of these seem to be façades, with some measly monstrosity squatting behind. Everything else is bland, boring, and absurd. If you come into Washington on the Shuttle, and make your final approach down the Potomac, you think there is some mistake: Arlington, out the windows on your right, looks like the real city; the view out the left is a child's diorama. But there is no mistake; and *you're* going to the diorama.

When you fly up the Hudson or the East River—best, if you take a cab in from LaGuardia—you know you have arrived someplace. At those distances, even the World Trade Center's twin towers, those dowdy architectural stutters, acquire a certain grace. It says a lot that a pair of buildings that would be a prodigy in any other skyline are an embarrassment in this one. At any distance, the midtown range—Con Edison, Metropolitan Life, Empire State, Chrysler, Citicorp—stand like angels, or aliens. Anyone who says he is not thrilled by those stone and glass assertions is lying, or blind.

WHY—back to generalizations—live in a city? It is possible to live a good life anywhere. It is also possible to live the life of the mind anywhere. William Carlos Williams lived in Paterson, New Jersey. Eudora Welty lives in Jackson, Mississippi.

Cities serve two purposes. They are places where it is possible to do the same thing together, and to do different things side by side. The first purpose is obvious. It explains Tod Lindberg's pleasure in being among people like him. Some crafts—like the writer's—can be practiced in isolation. But if you want to edit a journal, float a stock, launch an ad campaign, preside over a salon, attend boxing matches, or any of hundreds of other activities, you are better off in a city. The bigger and livelier the city, the better off you are apt to be.

But bringing different activities into proximity is an equally important cultural task, and a service that cities uniquely perform. Variety gives us new things to think about. It refreshes the mind of the culture, and can refresh the minds of individuals who participate in it. Socrates went down to Piraeus, the port of Athens, because that was where he was apt to see something different.

Variety can't be faked, or bought. If you're only pretending to be interested in something, or paying someone else to do it for you, it doesn't count. Significant numbers of people—some of them significant people—must be convinced that whatever it is they are up to—journalism, psychoanalysis, Renaissance music—is the most important field of endeavor; that it has "centrality." If they aren't, the would-be big city is as synthetic as Brasilia.

It is possible, finally, to overdo it. Diversity may become decadence, dissolution. Perhaps it inevitably becomes so, and what cities do is pernicious. But variety, whether it is good or bad, is what cities are for.

How does Washington stack up? Everyone agrees it is the place to get together for politics. Is there anything else?

It doesn't look that way. Not only does Washington not look like a city, Washingtonians don't look like city dwellers. The problem is that they all look alike. The first person who pointed this out to me was Tony Dolan, one of President Reagan's speechwriters. We were talking about life in the White House when he looked at my clothes and said, "You couldn't work there."

The only mildly eccentric thing I had on was a forty-year-old blue Schiaparelli necktie with a red Seine and a few Notre Dames and Eiffel Towers on it.

But the tie would have to go. "The most important thing in Washington," Dolan explained, "is to be *not noticed*."

Since that tip, I've kept my eyes open, and it is true. The dress code of Washington is as rigid as that of the Starship *Enterprise*, and considerably less interesting. Wall Street brokers, of course, look pretty uniform too. But different plumage always passes by, and if for some reason it doesn't, it's only a subway ride and a walk to Avenue A, where the younger brokers go on weekends. Washington may be defined as the city in which George Will causes a sensation by wearing a bow tie. In New York, he'd have to try green hair.

So they all work at politics, and they all dress like stiffs. But, after hours, Washingtonians enjoy high culture. Do they? I am aware of the existence of the Kennedy Center; I have sung there. But my impression has always been that Washington has culture, not because it wants to, but because it thinks it ought to. Even when it goes through the motions, the true object of its desire is barely concealed.

The best Washington cultural vi-

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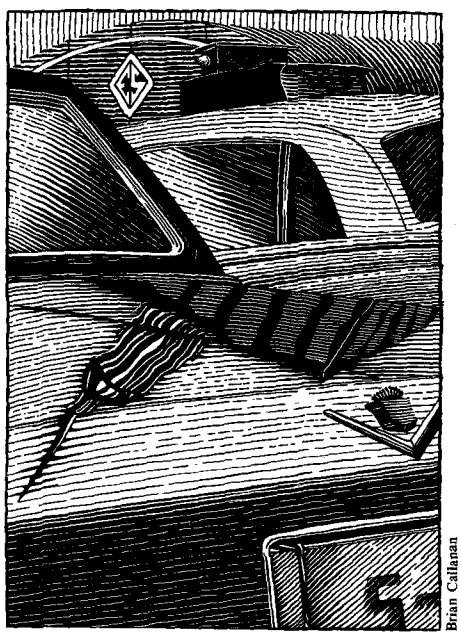
gnette appears in William Safire's *Before the Fall*. Safire is attending a concert at the Kennedy Center, and when applause breaks out between movements, he looks around at the powers-that-were: John Connally, clapping away; Spiro Agnew, sitting in ostentatious silence; Richard Nixon, beginning by doing the correct thing, but joining in as the ovation continues. In any sane moral or aesthetic reckoning, the three pols would be ranked this way: Connally first, for honestly, if ignorantly, enjoying himself; Agnew a close second, for doing the right thing with, however, a touch too much of pride; Nixon a distant third, for keying his reaction strictly to that of the house. But Washington does not believe in morality or aesthetics. Safire gives the correct ranking: Nixon first, as past master of the art of crowd control; Connally and Agnew, nowhere. "Only Nixon handled the situation with understanding," Safire gushes. "He did not applaud at first, reassuring other classical-music lovers that he was a man who knew that was proper, but after a couple of moments, as eyes turned to him from around the hall, he joined in the applause, so as not to have people wondering about him, or about their own gaffe."

But there is a fourth player in this little drama, and that is Safire. What had he come to the concert for? To hear the music? Or to watch the big boys? "I would rather," Proust's Marcel says of two noblewomen, "have had their opinion of *Phèdre* than that of the greatest critic in the world. For in his I should have found merely intellect, an intellect superior to my own but similar in kind. But what the Duchesse and Princesse de Guermantes might think, an opinion which would have furnished me with an invaluable clue to the nature of these two poetic creatures, I imagined with the aid of their names, I endowed with an irrational charm . . ." Substitute Richa Nixon for the Princesse de Guermante and you have Washington culture in nutshell.

Washington is not a city, much less a great city, but a boom town or company town. The boom was in politics, and the company is government. Politics and government, Washington insists, have brought the world to its door. But they haven't—no more than silver brought it to Carson City, or rubber to Manáos. The closest analogue in America is Hollywood—and the *Washington Post*, as Herb Schmerz says, is *Variety*.

The irony of Washington's political fixation is that even in politics its clout is limited: far more limited than it imagines. Politically, Washington is where things are *prevented* from happening: where the tidal waves of principle and passion and interest converge and, for the most part, dissipate. It is a place of vital importance; but the waves are generated elsewhere. The Washingtonian who guided me to this insight was Paul Weyrich. I don't know what he thinks of the question, New York down, or Washington up? He is undoubtedly thinking about more important things—things like who will be the next congressman from the 8th District of Indiana, or the 3rd District of Colorado. When he is not thinking about electoral nuts and bolts, he is thinking of political ideas—which, as often as not, get made or broken beyond the Beltway. Phyllis Schlafly beat the Equal Rights Amendment in Springfield, Illinois, not Georgetown. Supply-side economics was whooped in the *Wall Street Journal*, not the *Washington Post*. Inside the Beltway lives the mass of men who do not understand the true insignificance of Donald Regan.

PAUSE, for I catch an unpleasant Tory whine in my prose. Nothing is predestined, and the Republic does not have to thicken all the way toward empire. But in the meantime,



Brian Callanan

we must live where we are. For now, that means fighting in Washington, in a host of fights, on a host of fronts. I am glad Tod Lindberg and Vic Gold have chosen to do it. Somebody has to.

I also acknowledge, as any honest New Yorker must, that my city is in trouble. Stupidity has been very great. The rent laws are an outrage against justice. Crime may be inescapable, but it is nevertheless intolerable. In nine years, I never saw a surge of popularity for anyone, not even Len Dykstra, like the burst of satisfied wish-fulfillment that first greeted Bernhard Goetz.

These, and other problems—chaos in the schools, lunar craters on the streets, taxes, taxes, taxes—have simply gone on festering, unattended. Like the country's elite in the Sixties and Seventies, only worse, New York's political class has suffered a variation of Felix Somary's social law of inverse proportion. The more power they gain and the more taxes they collect, the more attention they pay to secondary issues, and the worse the fundamental problems grow. In their spare time, it turns out, they steal.

And it isn't just the politicians. New Yorkers have elected and re-elected them. They have supported bad laws —rent control, union featherbedding— which they believe benefit themselves. Sitting atop the greatest treasure hoard in human history, they have thrown it away with both hands, assuming there would always be more.

And other cities wait in the wings— if not Washington, then Los Angeles, or Tokyo. When their moment comes, New York will still be a big city, certainly; a great one, perhaps—but a secondary one. A supporting character. A destination for tours.

So there is something, more immediate than Vic's memories, that makes my city's buildings seem autumnal to me, even the bright new ones: the silvery fish of Citicorp, the cookie-cutter top of AT&T—that makes me feel that soon, maybe even in my lifetime, they will radiate the same feeling Venice and the Roman Forum do: a pathos beyond ruined grace or beauty, which comes from having once said, correctly, *We stand at the center of the world*: a boast that can be made good, but only for a moment, and when the moment passes, it has gone forever. □

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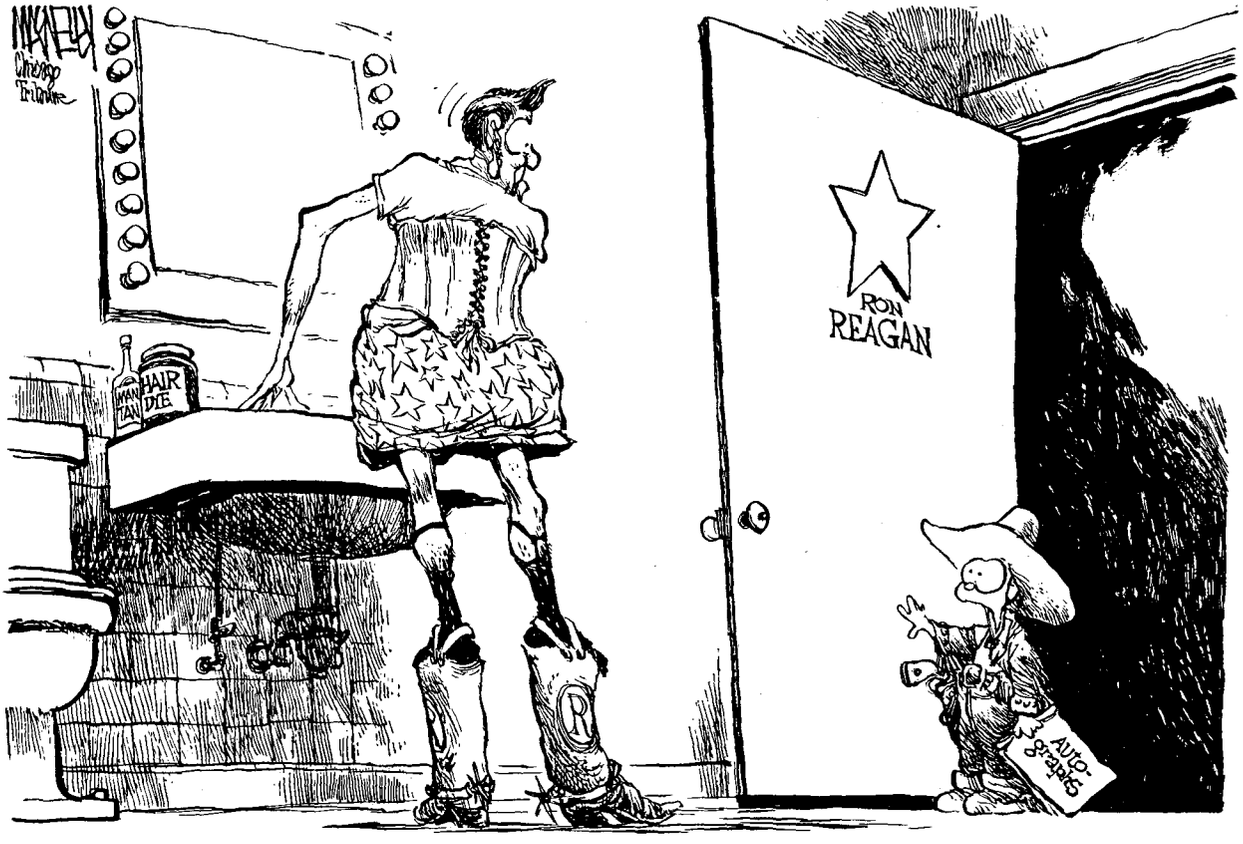
help !!!!

Kennings

Discotheque
A dark
Walpurgisnacht
where phantoms shriek and dart,
where spastic bodies jerk and call
it art.

Agitator
He scraped
abrasive words
across the red-tipped stuff,
for hearts were matches made to blaze
and snuff.

Gloria A. Maxson



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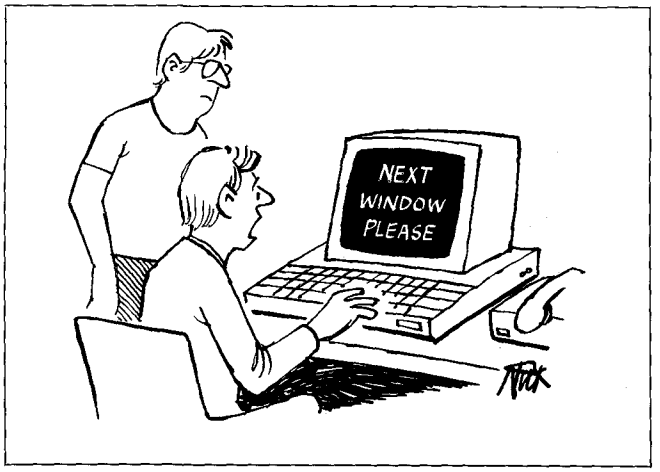
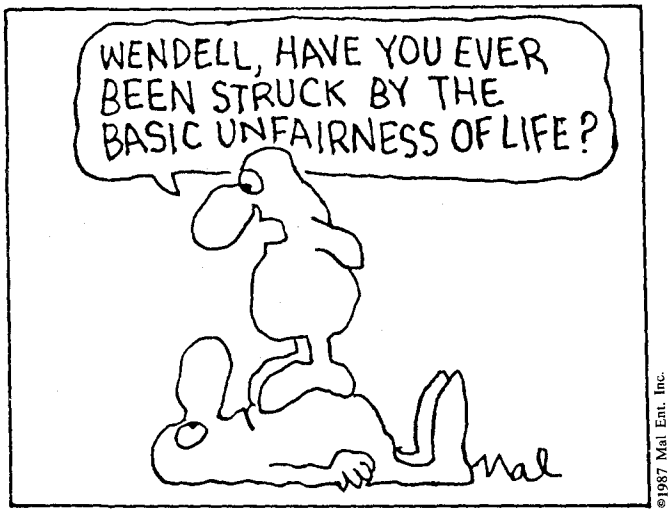
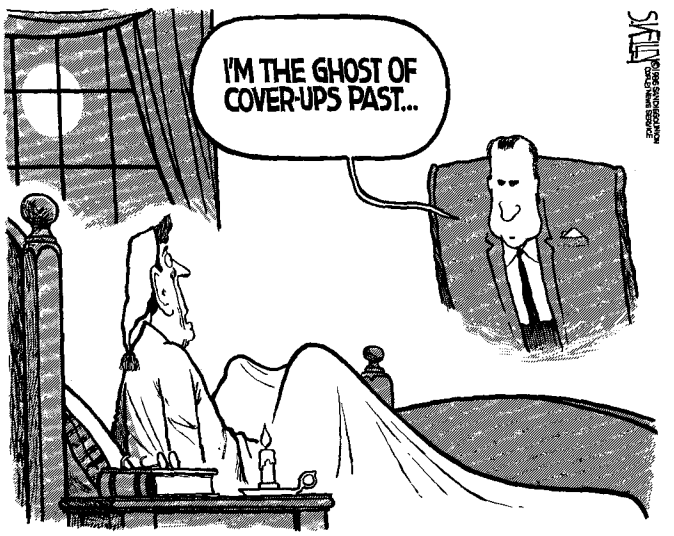


"So we broke into the bank's computer. Now what?"





"SURE, WE'RE A POLICE STATE... BUT NOW WE'RE A NICE POLICE STATE."

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AMERICA HAS FIVE YEARS LEFT

TIME IS running out for the United States. Just two months ago, Robert Gates, Deputy Director of the CIA, confirmed reports that the Soviets were constructing three more huge phased-array radars in the western USSR. These mammoth radars, each as large as a football field, close the final gap in the network of radars guarding the missile corridors into the Soviet Union.

Some analysts say the Soviet radar network is intended for early warning. However, the radars have a combination of size and power that goes far beyond early-warning requirements. They have the range and angular precision needed to get an accurate track on an oncoming warhead, figure out which target the warhead is headed for, and alert ABM launch sites in the warhead's path so they can send up missiles to intercept it. In fact, they have all the properties of "battle management" radars designed for an ABM defense of Soviet territory.

The new radars and their fellows—the complete ABM radar network has nine—are the long poles in the Soviet ABM tent. They take several years to design and five or six years beyond that to build. The Soviets must have started working on the first of them around 15 years ago, while they were still negotiating the ABM Treaty.

Mr. Gates also confirmed the existence of Soviet production lines for manufacturing large quantities of ABM equipment. That means volume production of the intercepting missiles that destroy oncoming warheads, the launchers that send these missiles into battle, and the small "engagement radars" that point the missiles in the right direction to make an intercept.

Dr. Jastrow is a professor of earth sciences at Dartmouth College and the founder and director (retired) of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Article I of the ABM Treaty says each side must promise not only that it will not deploy a nationwide ABM defense, but also that it will not "provide a base" for such a defense. The Soviet radar network and ABM production lines constitute a base for a nationwide ABM defense. This goes beyond isolated technical violations like the inland location of the Krasnoyarsk radar. It tears the guts out of the ABM Treaty.

The CIA report calls the Soviet ABM buildup "ominous," with "awesomely negative implications" for American security. This is strong language coming from a senior CIA official. In the past the CIA has been conservative in its estimates of Soviet capabilities in the nuclear arena. Why is the CIA so alarmed now?

The answer is that this recently discovered buildup of Soviet ABM defenses has been going on in concert with the buildup of a first-strike ICBM arsenal. Mr. Gates writes: "Their heavy ICBM force is designed for the Soviets to strike first." As a result of that missile buildup, the Soviets could, with half of their ICBM force, destroy essentially all our ICBMs plus a large fraction of our bombers, cruise missiles, and ballistic-missile submarines.

Little would be left of our nuclear forces for retaliation in the aftermath of a Soviet first strike. Destruction of U.S. military communications links would further diminish the effectiveness of the U.S. response. Against the ragged retaliatory strike the U.S. could launch after such an attack, the Soviet ABM defenses now under construction would be very effective.

The bottom line is that the Soviet Union is developing a lethal combination of a first-strike attack force and a defense against retaliation by U.S. ballistic missiles. That combination removes the ability of the United States to protect its citizens from nuclear attack. If Soviet plans come to fruition and the Soviets' nationwide ABM defense is deployed, the U.S. will have suffered the greatest military reversal in its history, with highly destructive consequences certain to follow.

HOW MUCH TIME do we have? Not very much. The three new radars that close the gap in the Soviet network will be completed around 1991 or 1992. According to the CIA, the same time frame—the early 1990s—is also the best guess for deployment of nationwide ABM defenses in the USSR, constituting the final Soviet breakout from the ABM Treaty. That gives the U.S. about five years before our nuclear deterrent is emasculated.

A general understanding of this danger united the three authors of *NR*'s recent special SDI update [Dec. 31] in their call for an early deployment of missile defenses. They pleaded for the immediate use of technologies in hand now, without "researching the problem to death," as Jack Kemp put it. That means backing away from the laser and the particle beam as far as early deployment is concerned. These exotic devices are promising but they require more research. They will not be available in our time of greatest peril.

The technology we have in hand now is the "smart bullet," a heat-seeking missile that homes in on its target like a snake stalking a rodent. Smart-bullet technology is relatively mature and ready to use. It is just an evolutionary development out of heat-seeking missiles (like the Sidewinder) routinely used in air defense.

Smart bullets can be fired at their targets either from launchers on the ground or from satellites in orbit. They have been tested against targets in space, including a ballistic-missile warhead, and are highly effective.

Congressman Kemp says we should make use of this proven technology by

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putting up one hundred smart-bullet launchers (the number permitted by the ABM Treaty) as fast as we can. I made similar proposals last year, after talking with experts about the rapid progress being made in the smart-bullet technology, although my proposals involved more launchers and would not have complied with the treaty.

A great deal of work is going on in the SDI program on these smart-bullet defenses, with a view to meeting the Soviet first-strike threat at the earliest possible moment. However, the thinking on this matter in the SDI Organization, and on the part of Defense Secretary Weinberger, is a little different from what Congressman Kemp and I, among others, had proposed.

The Secretary and senior SDI management have concluded that an effective defense must include smart bullets based on satellites orbiting over the USSR, so that the Soviet missiles can be destroyed in their boost phase as they rise from their silos, before they release their warheads and decoys. In the judgment of these DOD officials, a space-based layer is essential because a massive Soviet first strike would send thousands of warheads and perhaps a hundred thousand decoys toward the United States. A "threat cloud" of those dimensions would confront the ground-based layers of our defense with an almost insurmountable challenge.

But if we can catch the ICBMs in their boost phase, we get them with all their eggs in one basket. It doesn't matter how many warheads and decoys each ICBM carries; we kill them all with one bullet. That greatly simplifies the problem for the ground-based layers of our defense.

The boost-phase defense, based in space, also makes it difficult for the attacker to overwhelm our defense by concentrating his attack on high-priority targets, such as MX silos or the National Command Authority, because he cannot tell beforehand which missiles and warheads are going to get through and which will be shot down.

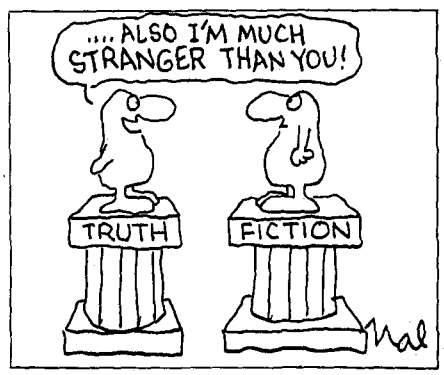
Congressional supporters of an early missile defense grant these virtues of the space-based layer but say that the pace of the Soviet move toward a nationwide ABM defense does not permit us the luxury of waiting until the space-based layer is available. We only have four or five years. We must go forward with what we have. Even if the initial, ground-based defense is only partly effective, it will introduce a large measure of uncertainty that will deter the Soviet leadership. Any factor that discourages the Soviet Union from using its first-strike arsenal is a big plus for American security.

I myself shared these views, and believed that we should go forward with a ground-based defense without waiting for the space-based layer. Then, quite recently, I was surprised to learn that it is not necessary to make this painful choice. Several independent studies indicate that a space-based layer can be put in place in the same time frame as the ground-based layers. This result came out of the deliberations of the technical panel on missile defenses convened by the George C. Marshall Institute. The five members of the panel have more than 160 years of combined experience in defense and space. Lieutenant Colonel Worden's article in the *NR* special update confirms their finding.

The Marshall Institute panel concluded that the technical situation will allow deployment of a space-based defense layer starting in six and a half to seven years from the time the political decision is made to go forward. Deployment could start in 1993 or 1994, if the decision to proceed were made this year.

The complete defense will have three layers, the other two layers being ground-based. One of the ground-based layers—the so-called ERIS layer, which uses smart bullets to intercept oncoming warheads high above the atmosphere—has a more mature weapons technology than the other layers and can be deployed even sooner, perhaps as early as five years from the time of the political decision to proceed. That means deployment of the ERIS layer might start in 1992 if the decision to deploy is made this year.

As Congressman Kemp and Lieutenant Colonel Worden point out, an incremental approach to the deployment of the full defense, starting with deployment of the ERIS layer in 1992, would be valuable. It would provide the earliest possible protection against accidental or irrational launches, and would also provide a useful degree of deterrence against limited attacks on key military sites.



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But there is a great danger in deploying an ERIS layer before the rest of the defense. ERIS has limited effectiveness against a massive attack. If we deploy ERIS first and say it will be followed up in two years by a space-based layer, critics of SDI will conveniently forget the last half of the announcement. They will say, "See here, the Soviets can overwhelm that defense easily with more warheads and decoys. SDI isn't worth much."

It's true. A defense without a space-based layer is very vulnerable to decoys and would provide a powerful incentive for the Soviets to develop large numbers of low-cost, lightweight fake warheads. A ground-based defense by itself would give us only a few years' respite. It is essential to follow up the ERIS deployment as quickly as possible with the space-based layer.

DEPLOYING ground-based defenses without a space-based layer would also be tantamount to handing military control of space over to the USSR. We know Soviet scientists are working very hard on lasers to destroy satellites in orbit. They are also working on lasers as a boost-phase defense against U.S. ballistic missiles. If we do not press forward as rapidly as possible with our own space-based defense, by the late 1990s the Soviets will be in a position to disrupt U.S. communications and reconnaissance satellites at will. By the end of the century, they may be able to keep the United States out of space altogether. They'll close the door and say, "You can't come in."

We can no more survive as a nation without a military guarantee of free access to space than we could survive without a military guarantee of access to the world's oceans. We need space-based defenses as much as we need the U.S. Navy. That is why Gorbachev was so insistent on killing the space-based part of SDI in Reykjavik, and why the President was so insistent on preserving it. □

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LE NOUVEAU CANARD

My doctor, who likes to talk politics, remarked to me once: "You know, when I was a philosophy student, the first thing they taught us was that the *ad hominem* argument has no validity. Then, when I got out into the real world, I discovered that it's about the only kind of argument most people ever use."

Amen. As a battle-scarred veteran of the real world, I can testify that those who disagree with my newspaper columns spend less time refuting me than enlarging on my character defects. Readers and even colleagues have found me lacking in compassion, nasty, witless, simplistic, fearful of change, Neanderthal, and of course bigoted. My putative bigotries include anti-Semitism, racism, sexism, and homophobia. I've been accused of others (hating Italians, for example), but these are the Big Four. I've also been diagnosed as "obsessive."

This last one piques my curiosity. You might think that someone who's obsessed with a given subject (my critics differ as to what I'm obsessed with) might at least be *right* about it once in a while. But this is not conceded. The idea seems to be that whether or not my thoughts on X are cogent, they should be disqualified from consideration on the odd grounds that I think about X too much.

One editor dropped my column because I was obsessed with abortion. Norman Podhoretz last June accused me of being obsessed with Jews. "John Woolman," in *NR* itself, cites me as a typical conservative in that I'm "obsessed with sex." Richard Cohen added a new twist by accusing me of being "nearly as obsessed with homosexuality as [I am] with the mendacity of Israel." Can you be obsessed with *two* subjects? And here I thought the limit, by definition, was one.

My unbalanced personality also caught the eye of a woman columnist in Texas, who not only finds my writing on homosexuals "wicked" and "irresponsible" (I'd written that they can be "cured," as if there were something *wrong* with them) but, having met me once, reports that I have "not a scintilla of humor." Well, do you want my side of it? On the evening she refers to, we were on a panel together. I didn't know my sense of humor was on trial, or I'd have made more of an effort to laugh at her jokes. But I was tired, and she is a vigorous exponent of the har-har-har school of Southwest wit, and my attempts at the polite guffaw must have lacked the ring of conviction. Most of the time I like a good laugh as much as the next guy.

But I do tend to offend what Bill Buckley has called "the reigning protocols." Liberal ideology may be in remission, but liberal etiquette still has the power to extort at least the simulation of Politically Correct Attitudes: displays of compassion, gestures of benevolence, the use of a prescribed vocabulary ("black," "gay," "chairperson," "Native American"), the avoidance of "gaffes" that betray an "insensitive" or "uncaring" disposition, and—above all—proper contrition about our shameful past (racism, and all that).

These behavioral requirements, which I try to resist, get hopelessly entangled with the job of responding to political claims advanced on behalf of blacks, Jews, women, homosexuals, the poor, or any other class of people currently endowed with accredited victim status. Break the rules, and your arguments will be laid to your evil motives and thereby (somehow) invalidated.

Last summer I discovered the utter futility of trying to defend my own motives against those who claim to be more authoritative and more honest about them than I am. Norman Podhoretz and his wife, Midge Decter, took up the theme that I was anti-Semitic. That was when Norman charged me with writing "obsessively" about Jews and Israel. Since then I've hardly mentioned these subjects, by the way, but Norman is still on the warpath. I guess he finds it hard to stop thinking about my obsession.

Norman has recently attacked me (along with Gore Vidal) in his own magazine, *Commentary*. He ranks some of my recent columns among "the vilest anti-Semitic outbursts in forty years"—though he can't quote the sort of incriminating phrases you'd expect of an "outburst," and in fact makes his case in devious ways, as by consistently substituting "the Jews" when I'd actually been criticizing Israel, its supporters, Jewish lobbies, and other specific political forces. He also uses the word "manipulated" where I didn't, apparently to link me to "this resurrection of [one of] the two classic themes of anti-Semitic literature, . . . the Jew as the conspiratorial manipulator of malign power."

This is a key point, because the subtext of Norman's essay is that I'm not just taking my own positions for my own reasons: I'm the avatar of an anti-Semitic "tradition" which—he speculates—I derive from "the writings of such Edwardian Catholics as Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton who seem to play a part for him as mentors in anti-Semitism." A wild and mistaken guess, but Norman isn't exactly sharpshooting.

To clinch his case, Norman triumphantly quotes Bill Buckley's statement in the July 4 issue of *NR* that a reader of my recent columns might "reasonably conclude" I was anti-Semitic, or inclined that way. And he praises Bill for cracking down on anti-Semitism in conservative ranks.

Well, there is no point arguing with Norman, as I say. Experts on others' motives are not to be gainsaid. The more remote they are, the more assured they seem to feel. But I beg to differ with Bill: Even a reader who

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had read only the columns that made Norman and Midge mad would more reasonably conclude other things—to begin with, that I had a few good points. (Norman doesn't seem to have found a valid criticism of Israel in the lot.) If that reader thought I was wrong, he might still allow room for honest error on controversial topics. Being reasonable, he'd see no need to go rooting about for hidden motives; he'd understand that ascribing bad motives where an argument seems to speak for itself is uncivil, invasive, and irrelevant. If it really has to be done, it should be done with some scruples —about simple accuracy, for example.

Probably Norman thought he was unimpeachably on the side of the angels—the same mistake Robespierre and Zinoviev made. Enter *The New Republic*, with its own editorial comment: Even Norman is to blame, along with Bill and me, because Norman praised Bill, in an "obsequious" way, for Bill's "squeamish, equivocating, and forced" dissociation of *NR* from my "anti-Semitic writings." At this point, we are far beyond asking whether my writings really *are* anti-Semitic, or asking what that means, anyway: We've reached the stage where the revolution devours its children. Norman, who denounces Gore Vidal and all the people who *wouldn't* denounce Gore Vidal, including Tom Wicker, William Pfaff, Arthur Hertzberg, Edwin Yoder, and Roger Wilkins—this same Norman now goes to the guillotine for being insufficiently Stakhanovite in his own campaign against anti-Semitism. It's that ironic kind of unfairness we call poetic justice.

II.

LOOSE CHARGES of bigotry have long since become a way of life in America. This has been so at least since Barry Goldwater was called a "racist" for opposing the 1964 Civil Rights Act. If you reject Jewish demands, you become "anti-Semitic." Reject feminist demands, and you're "sexist." Homosexual demands, "homophobic." The slightly more nuanced version of these charges is "insensitive." (Norman also notes my "insensitivity to Jewish concerns.")

The most vexing thing about these charges—or their handiest feature, from another point of view—is that they aren't defined. They refer nebulously to motives, not to deeds or facts such as Klan membership. In the polemical arena, there's no firm presumption of innocence: The accused bears the burden of proof. But how do you prove innocence against an ill-defined charge about your inner disposition? By their nature, bigotry charges are nearly unfalsifiable. They're also unverifiable, but the point is that they don't have to be verified. The accuser seldom pays a penalty for false, loose, or unproven charges, no matter how malicious.

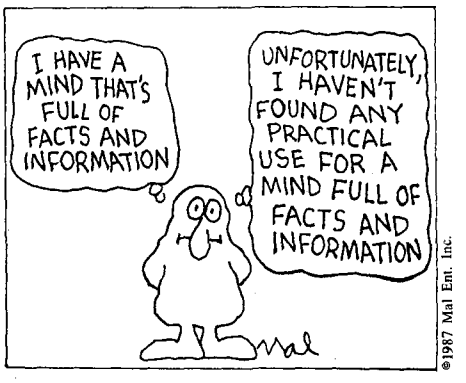
The bigotry charges don't arouse the liberal outrage that a Joe McCarthy's charges do, because liberals themselves rely heavily on them. The same liberals who demanded that McCarthy put up or shut up and who made his name a byword for smear tactics have given their blessing to *these* smear tactics.

Even when they don't stick, the charges are practically cost-free and therefore risk-free. In good supply-side fashion, they're heavily subsidized and lightly taxed: There are a lot of incentives to make them, and few disincentives.

What do these charges really *tell* you? It's hard to specify any content in them. They're what might be called bogus predicates. They pretend to inform, when they are really signals to attack. If a man is called racist or anti-Semitic, all that says is that he probably has black or Jewish (or maybe just liberal) enemies.

In 1984, Gerry Ferraro tried to deflect attention from her business life by ascribing the mounting curiosity to anti-Italian bigotry. It was all so familiar, she said, to "those of us whose names end in vowels." This wasn't just a personal charge of bigotry: She was implying a whole history of ethnic persecution by those whose names end in consonants.

The game is to keep the amorphous majority feeling guilty and defensive about even the most superficial appearances, or anything that can be construed as an appearance, of bigotry. You are a presumptive bigot, or victim, as the case may be, according to your group membership, which in most cases, ironically, is a matter of ancestry. This is what affirmative action is all about: "redressing historical wrongs"—an impossibility, unless guilt and innocence are ascribed to the supposed descendants of the parties who committed and suffered the wrongs.


I HAVE A MIND THAT'S FULL OF FACTS AND INFORMATION
UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVEN'T FOUND ANY PRACTICAL USE FOR A MIND FULL OF FACTS AND INFORMATION
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A WELL-TRAINED victim, skilled in the bogus method of historical induction, can rattle off the litany of ancestral suffering: slave ships, pogroms, lynchings, massacres, Jim Crow laws, insults, slurs, slights, snubs, and ethnic jokes. The least *faux pas* of a James Watt implicates him, if only by "insensitivity," in all the historical crimes of the West.

The framework of guilt shifts, according to the immediate needs and polemical convenience of the accusing victim: If not the West, then the white race, Christendom, capitalism, males (especially white males), America, the rich, WASPs, heterosexuals. Common political situations are redefined in terms of the big historical myths. This rhetorical device can come into play the moment a member of a guilty category—a white male, say—ventures to dispute the political claims of a certified victim group.

And then the new stereotype, *le nouveau canard*, the unanswerable *argumentum ad hominem*, is invoked: The victim asserts that in opposing (say) the feminist demand, the white male isn't doing anything so innocent as arguing back—he's embodying the guilty tradition itself and, in the mere act of criticizing, continuing the historical evil. He compounds his own guilt.

The story of my life. Time and again I find that it is not I who speak, but the ancient spirit of anti-Semitism, racism, sexism, and homophobia that dwelleth within me! A given accusation may or may not be sincere. Who knows? It doesn't matter. By now, the bigotry charges have taken on a ritualistic quality, like the charges at a show trial, which function not to ascertain any meaningful fact, but simply to impose disgrace.

Such charges are also, in a curious

(Continues on page 62)

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ETHNOPHOBIA, HETEROPHOBIA, & LIBERAL FASCISM

NIETZSCHE SPOKE of a transvaluation of values, of standing on their heads the values around him that he considered decadent. The bourgeois would be replaced by the heroic. Today the freshman entering the portals of the university confronts a different transvaluation of values.

Writing in *The New Republic* recently, Jeffrey L. Pasley began an essay with a paragraph at once sad and hilarious:

> You are 19 years old, you own a lot of Oxford shirts, and you believe everything your parents told you. After a peaceful adolescence in the suburbs of Kansas City, you have arrived at a well-regarded private university. You expected Western Civ courses taught by Cicero-quoting old men in tweed jackets. Instead, your Philosophy 10 professor turns out to be a bisexual Hispanic-Jewish woman who tells you that Cicero was a sexist-imperialist pig. Your vegetarian-Buddhist roommate sleeps on the floor in the nude. . . .

Now, how did this fantastic situation come to pass? The average academic acquiesces in rather than actively promotes the prevailing ethos: The ethos is imposed by a cohesive and self-conscious minority that sets the pace. I have listened carefully to these people and here offer an outline of the constituent parts of their ethos.

1. They are soft socialists. Few of them look to the Soviet Union as a model. They have in mind something like Sweden: greatly expanded government, with high taxes to pay for it.

2. They are virtual pacifists, it never occurring to them that pacifism can mean complicity in cruelty, degradation, and death.

3. American minority groups take on iconic importance, the buzzword being "diversity." Blacks are the main icon, exploiting victim status to the hilt, but they are surrounded by Hispanic, Amerind, and even Eskimo icons. An Amerind-studies course at Dartmouth is actually entitled "The European Invasion of America." One's moral worth depends heavily upon one's "sensitivity," or willingness to worship these icons and bend to their every whim. This all comes under a term I have coined, "ethnophobia," or hatred of one's own ethnic group.

4. The ethos promotes a renovation of sexual norms according to which behavior previously considered deviant is now thoroughly approved of and even given special symbolic and material rewards. Lesbian and homosexual organizations receive university funding, as well as various forms of symbolic approval. "Heterophobia," hatred of the normal.

5. The agenda of militant feminism constitutes an orthodoxy: ERA, tax-supported day care, pregnancy leave, lesbianism of course, renovation of the language to purge it of "sexism."

6. For the ethos, drinking is out, tobacco is out, marijuana and cocaine are okay. No one within the ethos is "lifting a highball, at nightfall," for good old Penn. Steaks are out too. Soccer is all right, but football is bad. You are liable to be served a plate of bean sprouts and some sparkling water from Nepal.

7. The cohort believes that the Soviet Union may be bad enough, but is no worse than the West. The Soviet Union, for example, is said to have less pollution. References to Lake Baikal and Chernobyl are not welcomed.

8. The Third World is very important in all of this, but, as in the case of "minorities," some countries are more iconic than others. Afghanistan is not very important. But Nicaragua!—pronounced "Nicarraaaggua" by the real devotees—well, oh to be in Managua now that Danny Boy is there! Third World advances toward Communism are exciting; democratic gains, as in Argentina and Brazil, are boring.

9. Much of the time, however, there really seem to be only three countries in the world. The United States (bad generally, but proto-fascist under Reagan), Nicaragua, and South Africa.

The elements of this ethos are vigorously enforced, and suppression has sharp teeth, in the form of deans' notations in a student's permanent record, and trips before the disciplinary committee, which is always draconian. At Yale, sophomore Wayne Dick, who had put up posters ridiculing "gay pride," escaped with his skin only when the university president and the dean of the law school came to his rescue.

Thus what we see is something new, liberal fascism. The ethos must be imposed by force because it is so *unnatural.*

ONE WAY TO view the ethnophobic, heterophobic, liberal-fascist ethos would be as pity run mad, destroying what is good in the name of putative victims. Or one could see it as the last, rotten, decadent phase of Christian charity. It is *natural* to admire the strong, the intelligent, the beautiful. It is perverted to displace them with the weak, the inept, the "handicapped," in secularized leper-kissing. Nietzsche foresaw it all. Or, as Pound puts it in Canto XXX:

> *Artemis singing, Artemis, Artemis*
> *Agaynst Pity lifted her wail:*
> *Pity causeth the forests to fail,*
> *Pity slayeth my nymphs,*
> *Pity spareth so many an evil thing.*
> *Pity befouleth April,*
> *Pity is the root and the spring.*
> *Now if no fayre creature followeth me*
> *It is on account of Pity . . .* □

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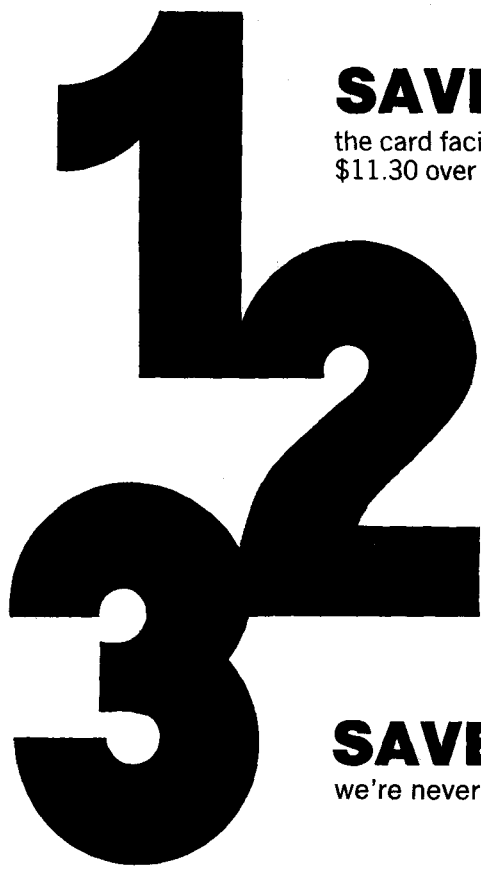

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FUHRER OF THE CARIBBEAN

Tom Bethell

Against All Hope, by Armando Valladares (Knopf, 380 pp., $18.95)

Fidel: A Critical Portrait, by Tad Szulc (Morrow, 703 pp., $19.95)

Fidel, by Peter G. Bourne (Dodd, Mead, 332 pp., $18.95)

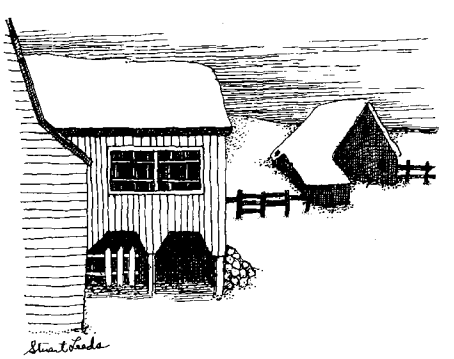
I'LL NEVER forget attending, in an elegant Washington drawing room (Embassy Row, not Georgetown, for once), a private showing of a documentary film about Fidel Castro. This was in 1976. The film—shameless propaganda from beginning to end—had been made by Saul Landau of the Institute for Policy Studies. A dozen or so IPS types constituted the audience. The lights came on, and there was a sincere round of applause—as much for Castro as for Landau. I was anxious to preserve decorum, not to mention my by-then shaky liberal credentials, but I couldn't stand it any longer. "Pure propaganda!" I shouted out, rattling the wine glasses and cheese knives.

"Could you have done that?" someone shouted back. "Could you take power in that way?" He paused, evidently to reflect on the magnitude of Castro's glory, and exclaimed: "*He actually did it!*"

He actually did it. I have never forgotten that ugly paean of power-worship. Oh, the craving for power that gnaws at so many intellectuals! Never underestimate it, in trying to fathom their enduring love affair with Communism. In the ensuing argument, there was no real debate about the totalitarian nature of Castro's rule or the reality of his dungeons. If pressed, the IPS types would have conceded all that. There was merely a worship of power. The man seized a whole country and made it his private domain. Top that, Bethell! What's your excuse for living?

Now come three books about the Führer of the Caribbean and his private domain. The first, by Armando Valladares, has already received well-deserved attention. After an appeal to Castro from François Mitterrand, Valladares was released from the Cuban Gulag in 1982, having been held for 22 years in various hellish prisons. His account has been compared to Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. If anything, Valladares's account is even more impressive, just as the savagery he encountered may have been even greater. No one reading Valladares can any longer believe that Communism is a Slavic aberration.

Every night there were firing squads. When I heard the discharges of the rifles I would be seized with horror, and I embraced Christ in desperation. . . . There came a moment when, seeing those young men full of courage depart to die before the firing squad and shout, "*¡Viva Cristo Rey!*" at the fateful instant, I not only understood instantly, as though by a sudden revelation, that Christ was indeed there for me at the moments when I prayed not to be killed, but realized as well that He served to give my life, and my death if it came to that, ethical meaning. . . . Those cries of the executed patriots—"Long live Christ the King! Down with Communism!" . . . became such a potent and stirring symbol that by 1963 the men condemned to death were gagged before being carried down to be shot . . .



Captain Herman F. Marks, an American whom Fidel Castro had appointed head of the garrison of La Cabaña and official executioner, was the man who fired those *coups de grâce* and carried out the inspections. When he was drunk, which he was very frequently, Marks would order the garrison to form up in full military gear and attack the prisoners. He called the prison his "private hunting reserve." Another of his amusements was to stroll through the *galeras* and call out to those who were to be tried for offenses which carried the death penalty; he would ask them behind which ear they wanted the *coup de grâce*. He had a dog he took with him to the executions so the dog could lap the dead men's blood. Years later he returned to the United States.

That is the last we hear of Captain Marks. There are 380 pages in this vein. At times it is almost unbearable reading. Apart from preserving his sanity, Valladares did a heroic job of remembering names, dates, and places, jotting things down, including poems, on tiny scraps of paper whenever he could. It was his status as a poet

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that gained him his release. In the weird hierarchy of deference observed in the twentieth century, "Communism" trumps "civil liberties" but in turn is imperiled by poets. (Incidentally, we are often told that Nicaragua is full of poets, and I wonder if this ultimately spells the downfall of the Sandinistas. It is something for the Ortegas to worry about, certainly.)

IT'S TEMPTING to think that the publication of Valladares's book was ill-timed from the point of view of Tad Szulc, a onetime reporter for the *New York Times*, longtime acquaintance of Fidel Castro, and now the author of an admiring biography of the dictator. But I doubt if Szulc has lost much sleep over Valladares. Just as we knew about the Soviet Gulag before Solzhenitsyn, so we had ample evidence of the Cuban version before Valladares. Several books, among them *I Was Castro's Prisoner* by John Martino (1963), described it almost as graphically as Valladares. But Szulc is just not interested and ignores all such testaments to Castro's brutality. In June 1984, Jesse Jackson visited Cuba and obtained the well-publicized release of 48 political prisoners. Their stories have since been told in many articles in the U.S. press. But Szulc mentions none of these accounts, nor does he touch on Jackson's visit.

In a seven-hundred-page book Szulc devotes one sanitized paragraph to the Cuban Gulag—just enough to let him deny that he overlooked the subject entirely. He alludes to ". . . hundreds of Cubans who were tried by these courts and, twenty or 25 years later, remain imprisoned on obscure charges." Note the misleading "obscure."

Despite his subtitle, *A Critical Portrait*, Szulc worships Castro too much to bother with his defects. He concentrates almost entirely on Castro's seizure of power and his swift imposition of totalitarian rule in the early Sixties. Szulc is really not at all interested in the plight of Cuba. The years 1964-86 are glossed over in little more than fifty pages—mostly an account of Cuban-Soviet relations. Szulc has virtually nothing to tell us about Castro's relations with the Sandinistas or with his deposed (and murdered) protégé in Grenada, Maurice Bishop.

The following quotations about the Cuban Führer are distributed throughout the book. For the sake of convenience I have brought them together in one paragraph. Castro, Szulc tells us, is a "senior statesman," a "man of astonishing daring and imagination and romanticism," responsible for "immeasurably improving the human condition of millions of Cubans." He is moreover a "great teacher" with a "superb mind," a "vision of history," and a "superb sense of timing." "Cervantes lives in Castro's magnificent and constant use of the Spanish language." His revolution "bestowed on Cuba extraordinary gifts of social justice and equality, advances in public health and education, and an equitable distribution of the national wealth, and Fidel Castro deserves total credit for it."

In making "the necessary material available" to Szulc, Fidel told him, "shortly after midnight" on February 11, 1985, "We would be taking a great risk with you . . . Will your political and ideological viewpoint allow you to tell objectively my story and the revolution's story?"

Castro need not have worried, as indeed one suspects he only pretended to. Szulc's ideological viewpoint turned out to be *simpático* with Castro's. One is forced to this conclusion by Szulc's assertion that Castro immeasurably improved the human condition of millions of Cubans. According to a recent State Department report, there is in Cuba today an "aggressive, systematic, and institutionalized denial of human rights in virtually every form . . . Freedom of expression does not exist, telephones are tapped and mail opened," and "private expression of differences from government policies is repressed by an informer network operated by Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (block committees)." Notice that this total breakdown of the rule of law exposes everyone in the country (except a few of Castro's trusted henchmen) to arbitrary arrest. No one is or is intended to be secure in such an environment. Religion is ruthlessly repressed.

Far from having "immeasurably improved" the human condition of millions of Cubans, all this has gravely undermined it. A few sadists and born criminals might find the lawless climate to their liking, and of course some Party officials have prospered. In material terms, however, the standard of living in the country has sunk—from fourth in Latin America (in GNP per capita) to about twentieth. The alleged medical advances are bogus: syphilis, malaria, and polio are on the rise. In its infant-mortality rate Cuba has lost ground since the revolution. Education is synonymous with indoc-

RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JANUARY: *Reagan's America: Innocents at Home* (Doubleday, $19.95), by Garry Wills, explores the President's personality for clues to his great popularity and concludes that its apparently inexhaustible optimism strikes a resonating chord in the American soul. Reagan, he says, is an embodiment of America's memories, of its dreams, of its (you guessed it) simplisms.

In *Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (Free Press, $27.95) Richard Gid Powers argues that Hoover, by drawing upon the furious fires of the "old-fashioned morality" he acquired in childhood, turned the corrupt Bureau of Investigation into an efficient organization (also, into "an echo chamber resounding with his passions and phobias") and himself into Public Hero Number One, as well as the most powerful individual in the history of the Republic.

☐ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: *Look Homeward: A Life of Thomas Wolfe* (Little, Brown, $24.95), by the historian David Herbert Donald, is the most ambitious biography of Wolfe to date. Based on a seven-year study of Wolfe's papers (Donald is the first writer given access to the complete archive), it emphasizes the novelist's creative development over strictly biographical material. . . . In *George Santayana: A Biography* (Knopf, $30) John McCormick seeks to rescue his subject from his current undeserved neglect and to enshrine him as a great philosopher, fine novelist, poet, critic, and epigrammatist.

In *The Red and the Blue: Cambridge, Treason, and Intelligence* (Little, Brown, $17.95) Andrew Sinclair offers an interesting account of the British Left from the pacifism of the post-World War I period to the cold war, written with the Cambridge Apostles at center stage.

Every Force Involves a Form (North Point, $15.95), by Guy Davenport, is a collection of twenty very original essays ranging from W. H. Auden and e. e. cummings to Montaigne, from Henri Rousseau to Noah Webster to Shaker handicrafts to the ruination of the modern city as community. Admirers of Davenport will know what to expect. —CW

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trination. As a striking measure of the Cuban decline, the country now actually has to import and ration sugar. Meat consumption per capita is one-fifth its 1959 level. Without his $4-billion annual subsidy from the Soviet Union, Castro would have to mitigate his tyranny.

Szulc has pleased some conservatives by reporting that, "from the outset, Castro went about turning Cuba into a Marxist-Leninist state," only feigning interest in democracy to retain the support of bourgeois journalists; that Castro embraced the Soviets without a Yankee push; and so on. As a result few have noted Szulc's enthusiasm for Fidel and his works. It can scarcely bother Castro now to be depicted by his biographer as an early Communist, any more than it would bother Cardinal Obando to be denounced by the Sandinistas as a consistent Roman Catholic.

Since 1961 Castro has publicly proclaimed his fealty to Communism. The validity of his profession of faith (and thus Szulc's reliability) is now lengthily disputed by K. S. Karol in *The New Republic*. One who has "no ties to the specific theory and the specific history" of Communism "cannot be a Communist," Karol grandly asserts. But Communism today is merely a rationale for the seizure and retention of power. The question whether Castro's ideological proclamations were opportunistic is of no interest, since in the pursuit of power there can be no distinction between opportunism and principle.

We might more appropriately dismiss as inconsequential anyone who sought total power in the latter half of the twentieth century *without* using Communist slogans and methods. A French leftist, Karol evidently wants to rebut the presumption that Communism can be cynically adopted. In this, I side with Szulc.

Meanwhile, Frank Calzon of the Cuban American National Foundation points out that some of Szulc's "revelations" were published years ago by Theodore Draper. Compare Szulc, page 472: The need for ideological caution "was expressed in a private wartime remark by Castro, that 'I could proclaim socialism from the Turquino Peak, the highest mountain in Cuba, but there is no guarantee that I could come down from the mountain afterward.'"

Draper, *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities* (1962), page 150: "Of course, if we stopped at the Pico Turquino when we were very weak and said, 'We are Marxist-Leninists,' possibly we would not have been able to descend from the Pico Turquino to the plain." Draper attributes this to a public speech given by Castro on December 20, 1961.

DR. PETER BOURNE, a psychiatrist and erstwhile advisor to President Carter, comes close to the truth when he writes, at the end of his otherwise adulatory work, *Fidel*: "Some say that the primary attraction of Communism was that it was an ideology that would allow [Castro] to justify assuming total power and keeping it for the rest of his life without being accused of being just another Latin American dictator driven solely by a desire for power and personal aggrandizement."

Bourne might have paused to reflect on the very interesting question why Communism so successfully immunizes its practitioners and apologists against such accusations. But, like Szulc, he is blinded by admiration for his hero—"one of the greatest figures of all time," Bourne said in a TV interview with CBS reporter Terence Smith. Bourne has some cheap psychiatry for us: Castro managed his heroic achievements even though he was illegitimate—a "harsh burden" in the "deeply moralistic Catholic environment" of Castro's youth. (Actually, Castro's "environment" was far from moralistic. His father was an unscrupulous marauder from Spain who stole his absent neighbors' property by surreptitiously moving their fences in the dead of night, and who whipped the Negro laborers, but let that pass.) In Bourne's diagnosis, the indignity surrounding Fidel's birth drove him to "need" many things: "dictatorial power over his fellow countrymen," for example. There were other needs. "The need to thrust himself on the world stage," "the need for total control," the "need for recognition and acceptance," and an "inescapable need to break the bond with the United States." And so on. Fidel Castro is among the world's needy, apparently.

When Bourne visited Cuba in 1960 what struck him was the "vibrant sense of excitement." The "entire country had been stood on its head by a man who was only 33 years old." It does not occur to the British-born doctor that this might be an uncomfortable position. Bourne unwisely boasts that "during the last several years I have remained intimately involved with Cuban affairs, making regular visits to the island." Why, then, does he omit the Cuban Gulag from his account?

"History would view him as one of the major figures of the century," Bourne writes of Castro—a man of "extreme daring," "insatiable intellectual curiosity," "hypnotic charm," "encyclopedic knowledge," "astonishing charisma," and "seductive charm." He gave his subjects "great equality of opportunity," "high-quality health care," "excellent education," and "basic necessities in the way of food staples, clothing, and simple electric appliances" on a "rationed but highly subsidized basis." Heil Fidel!

As I say, Communism immunizes its apologists against effective criticism. Our "mass elites" (as Joe Sobran calls them), like Castro, have a "need" for power. Communism gives it to them free of civil-libertarian carping. But can someone tell me why this should be so, and for how much longer we must submit to this self-imposed insanity? □

DEFORMATION PROFESSIONNELLE

Arnold Beichman

The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made, by Walter Isaacson and Evan Thomas (Simon & Schuster, 853 pp., $22.95)

THIS IS A foolish book pretending to be shrewd. On occasion, it is an informative book. When it discusses personalities and repeats amusing gossip, it is informative. (I didn't know, for example, that in the fall of 1960, Harriman had called Khrushchev, asking him "to be equally tough on both presidential candidates, lest he help the Republicans by seeming to favor the Democrats.") When it discusses politics and foreign policy, it is foolish. Its fatal flaw is that its authors simply couldn't face the implications of their own analysis of what the world was like after World War II and what had to be done to save Western Europe from the spread of Stalinism.

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The Wise Men describes the rise and decline of a sextet of American statesmen: Dean Acheson, Charles Bohlen, Averell Harriman, George Kennan, Robert Lovett, and John McCloy. Frequently appearing in these quasi-Plutarchian biographical narratives are the Wise Men's spear-carriers: Paul Nitze, Robert Murphy, George Ball, Dean Rusk, among many others.

Isaacson and Thomas occasionally resist the Marxified revisionism of too many modern historians, who see the cold war as American in inspiration and execution; in the end, however, they too succumb to this *déformation professionnelle*. While they praise the Wise Men's patrician sense of public service, they belittle the Acheson-Kennan view of the Soviet Union: It was too "ideological," in contrast to the "pragmatic" Harriman-Lovett view. The authors claim that they "had no ideological axe to grind, no thesis to prove." I respectfully disagree.

What the authors seem to have ignored are the implications of a simple fact: In 1945, Stalin ruled one country, the Soviet Union, with a population of some 180 million, representing 7 per cent of the world's population. In 1987, Gorbachev's Soviet Union either rules or dominates a score of other countries, the entire empire accounting for a third of the world's population. Was this fantastic explosion of Soviet power inevitable? Could the USSR have been better contained had all six of the Wise Men been "pragmatists" instead of "ideologues"? Or would the USSR have been contained more surely if the Wise Men had all been informed by as great an appreciation of the meaning of Leninism as one of their number, the young George Kennan, demonstrated in his early postwar writings?

The authors say that Acheson was dishonest in his gloomy assessment of the Soviets' intentions: specifically, that "Acheson and others *consciously overstated* the [Soviet] threat they perceived in order to sell their vision of America's role in the postwar world." (Italics added.) True, the authors say, "it is hardly fair to blame such men as Acheson and Harriman and Kennan for Stalin's intransigence or for the inability of others to adapt the policy of containment to changing conditions." But how does this square with accusing Acheson of conscious overstatement of the Soviet threat? Was Acheson lying to the American people or wasn't he?

The authors then say that "Acheson's liberalism was by now [1949] all but eclipsed by his distrust of the Soviets," which I suppose means that genuine liberalism and distrust of the Soviets are incompatible. The authors go even further when they "speculate what might have happened if the U.S. had *sincerely* invited the Soviets to join the Marshall Plan, and Stalin had accepted." (Again, italics added.) How in heaven's name could the U.S. have convinced "an obdurate and paranoid Stalin" (in the authors' own formulation) of our "sincerity," short of giving him the key to Fort Knox?

By the spring of 1946, Stalin had made clear his intention of taking over Western Europe. Because the ports of France and Italy were in the hands of Communist labor unions, U.S. arms shipments to a beleaguered France had to overfly the French ports en route to Paris. It was the then hardline Averell Harriman who, with the aid of the old American Federation of Labor and a burgeoning French anti-Communist labor movement, broke the Communist stranglehold on the Mediterranean ports. The authors seem unaware of this piece of history, preferring instead the aged Harriman, who by 1970 "had become aligned with the more liberal wing of the Democratic Party and had mellowed in his view of the Soviets." Again, this foolish notion that a prerequisite for admission to the liberal wing of the Democratic Party is a mellow view of the USSR.

Harriman gets blamed for "the ominous decline in Soviet-American relations [because] he had done much to create the current atmosphere" in the early postwar period. The authors are referring to Harriman's early and unheeded warnings about Soviet postwar intentions. In the light of what Stalin was already doing to Poland, Hungary, and the rest of Eastern Europe, not to mention the actions of this supposed ally of ours during the war itself (the Nazi-Soviet Pact, which almost finished off an isolated Britain; the massacre at Katyn Forest; the frameup and execution of two Polish Jewish Socialists, to take but a handful of examples), what are the authors talking about in accusing *Harriman* of creating the anti-Soviet atmosphere? This is not only character assassination, it is wretched history.

While the authors refer to Stalin's hard-line speech of February 9, 1946, they simply ignore or fail to understand its meaning. Instead, they deplore the advent of the Marshall Plan, which, they write, meant "further isolating and antagonizing Russia [as] a price Washington was willing to pay to achieve European recovery." Had it not been for the Marshall Plan, the authors seem to believe, Stalin might have been ready to make his peace with the West instead of being forced into isolation and antagonism. If such an assessment isn't grinding an ideological axe, then *The Communist Manifesto* is *A Child's Garden of Verse*.

Perhaps the silliest notion in the book is that there might have been a "chance to truly ease the cold war" in the 1950s when Bohlen was regularly playing golf with President Eisenhower. The miracle at Burning Tree never

A quarterly for children 7 to 97.

Surely no editor has ever had a more cantankerous stable of writers. Aesop, Chaucer, Cervantes, Stevenson, Kipling, Pyle, Andersen, the Grimms... Where did (they) find such a crowd of sundry folk? But then, I know. It was on a pilgrimage.

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came to pass, however, because Bohlen, who could barely abide John Foster Dulles, nevertheless didn't want to go behind the back of the Secretary of State; Bohlen's "lost opportunity to educate Eisenhower on the intricacies of the Soviet Union is history's loss." It seems to me that a President elected on a "rollback" platform who then ignored the Soviet role in prompting North Korea's invasion of the South in June 1950, who was silent during the June 1953 uprising in East Germany and the 1956 uprising in Poznan, and who turned savagely on the 1956 British-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt, while casting a blind eye on the Red Army's counter-invasion of Hungary, didn't need any lessons from anybody on how "to truly ease the cold war."

The authors' conclusions are contradictory. First, they blame the Wise Men for "overselling their cause and becoming fixated by some of their own rhetoric." Then, after announcing this dismal finding, they shift gears and say that the Wise Men's "victories were great" because they created an alliance that "preserved the West from aggression for onward of forty years." Oh, so they didn't oversell their cause?

Would that the Wise Men had had wiser biographers. □

BEHOLD: SYMMETRY

Joseph Sobran

A Conflict of Visions: Ideological Origins of Political Struggles, by Thomas Sowell (Morrow, 273 pp., $15.95)

IN *A Conflict of Visions*, Thomas Sowell tries to explain why it is that certain regular political alignments occur as they do: why a given group of people will predictably line up on one side of apparently unconnected issues—abortion, civil rights, and disarmament, say—while another group will be just as predictably on the other side. Sowell says: "It happens too often to be coincidence, and it is too uncontrolled to be a plot."

His answer is that most people are more or less committed to one or the other of two "visions," which he calls the "constrained" and the "unconstrained" visions. I'd have explained it differently, but he gets an impressive amount of mileage out of this dichotomy. Right or wrong in his main thesis, he is full of stunning insights.

The "constrained" vision sees man as sharply limited in his capacity for improvement. The "unconstrained" vision has high, often utopian, hopes for human nature.

At one extreme stands Malthus, with Hobbes nearby; at the other, maybe Robert Heilbroner, dreaming of a new society in which men are driven by new motives of confraternity and cooperation. Some, like Marx, hold "hybrid" visions, in which man is constrained today but may emerge into an unconstrained condition tomorrow.

These poles roughly correspond to Right and Left, or just pessimistic and optimistic, although Sowell tries to avoid these terms. Some who hold the unconstrained vision, he points out, are libertarian, others totalitarian—a fact that seems to contradict his assertion that concrete political commitments follow inexorably from each vision. (Michael Harrington makes this observation in a surprisingly favorable review of the book.) Even so, Sowell has his finger on something, and he explains how men as different as Edmund Burke and Milton Friedman can reach similar practical conclusions; to call them both "right-wing" is not to explain but merely to label, and "conservative" doesn't fit Friedman very well.

The constrained vision accepts man as he is and doesn't expect human behavior to improve much over the long run. It puts its hopes for social order in sturdy institutions: family, property, market, tradition, law. It doesn't look for unsupported benevolence to keep society going, or for "solutions" to social "problems" (which it views as conditions that usually have to be lived with). To the extent that it hopes for some amelioration, it thinks in terms of "trade-offs rather than solutions," as Sowell puts it.

So Adam Smith, for example, accepted human nature as basically self-centered and sought to improve things "*within* that constraint," relying on "incentives rather than dispositions." Godwin and Condorcet, on the other side, expected to achieve limitless progress precisely by destroying social constraints they could only see as hobbles on human perfectibility.

Sowell remarks: "While believers in the unconstrained vision seek the special causes of war, poverty, and crime, believers in the constrained vision seek the special causes of peace, wealth, or a law-abiding society." To the former, the solutions to our problems are obvious and rational: We need only trust man and get old prejudices and conventions out of the way. So the constrained vision gave America checks and balances, since nobody was to be trusted with too much power, while the unconstrained vision gave France rulers with power over life and death, who proceeded to behead people in the name of the People.

Believers in the constrained vision aren't surprised by that sort of violence. But believers in the unconstrained vision are: They assume that only exceptional ill will can produce evil (since man is naturally benevolent), and they have to keep sniffing out the culprits who "betray the revolution."

The constrained vision expects selfish behavior and settles for trying to control it; it also expects a certain amount of error and sincere disagreement. The unconstrained vision assumes good intentions and rationality, expects good results to flow from these attributes, and winds up with a lot of explaining to do. And since what man should be doing is so obvious, the unconstrained vision has to posit a special bad faith in its opponents, toward whom it is strangely accusatory, blaming their venality, bigotry, and malice for the derailment of mankind's utopian aspirations. They think it's rather nasty *not* to hold the unconstrained view.

The idea of designing a whole society based on "articulated rationality" is central to the unconstrained vision: It sees no reason to limit its ambitions or to build restraints into the social order, and has no use for the ocean of latent knowledge embodied in tradition or the market. But the constrained vision recognizes the value of "systemic experience," a recognition that links Burke, Smith, Madison, Hamilton, Hayek, and Friedman. These men have all been suspicious of politicized intellectuals who overrate what John Henry Newman called "explicit reason" at the expense of "implicit reason." Sowell doesn't mention Newman, but he'd find a valuable ally there.

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Speaking of constraints, those of space force me to stop without quoting some of Sowell's deeply impressive applications of his dichotomy to such topics as loyalty, jurisprudence, and "social justice." His writing is ponderous; there must be a better pair of terms than "constrained" and "unconstrained," which are confusing and wearing in their repetitiveness. But *A Conflict of Visions* does what few books do: It surprises and coheres. It offers a new angle of vision that gives order to countless familiar data. What had looked like a jungle appears as an orchard. □

LOOKING BACK

THE DOWNWARD TRAJECTORY OF JOHN UPDIKE

Duane Mehl

WITH *Roger's Version* (Knopf, 328 pp., $17.95), John Updike has completed a quintet of theological/allegorical novels. The others are *Couples*, *A Month of Sundays*, *The Coup*, and *The Witches of Eastwick*. In each of these novels, Updike takes his readers a little further down a primrose path to damnation and chaos, a path first laid out inadvertently—or so one would gather from Updike's novels—by Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter*.

In *Roger's Version*, the Reverend Roger Lambert, a failed parish pastor turned theology professor in a "liberal" New England divinity school, is the reincarnation of Roger Chillingworth, the diabolical husband of Hester Prynne in *The Scarlet Letter*. Allegorically, Roger is the devil, and, like God or any author, he is the omniscient narrator of all things in his story. As a man, he is middle-aged, world-weary, and sexually profligate.

The Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale of *The Scarlet Letter* has in *Roger's Version* become a fundamentalist graduate student in computer sciences named Dale Kohler. Esther, once a choir member in Roger's former parish, now his second wife, is a sociopathic version of Hester Prynne. Verna (ironically, as in spring), Roger's half-niece, is Updike's version of Pearl, Hester's daughter by Dimmesdale.

With Pearl, Hawthorne offered a new form of humanity for a new world—a being in whom the spiritual and carnal drives of human nature were to be united harmoniously. At the end of *The Scarlet Letter*, little Pearl stands full of potential, ready to realize herself as a woman. In *Roger's Version*, Pearl has come of age and become Verna, the promiscuous and psychopathic result of the union of spiritual and carnal imperatives in American culture.

Verna, 19 years old, has an illegitimate half-black daughter with whom she lives in a publicly funded housing project. She is in love with rock music, alcohol, and dope; she aborts a child with Roger's help, avoids prosecution for child abuse with his help, and finally has sex with willing Uncle Roger. With Verna, Roger provides his own version of the "new man."

In *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne attempted to dramatize how spiritual growth may come forth from illicit sexual deeds and circumstances. In *Roger's Version*, Updike looks down sardonically upon Hawthorne's hopeful sacramental enterprise, and offers in its place a Götterdämmerung: the collapse of the Christian faith, tradition, and culture in American society.

The appearance of the devil in a clerical collar is the key to Updike's novel. In *Roger's Version*, the world's faithlessness and consequent evil is centered in the Church. The challenge to the Church's evil comes from an unexpected quarter: the "pure" sciences, for four hundred years the traditional enemies of the Church. As Dale Kohler walks into Roger's divinity-school office lair at the beginning of the novel, looking for grant money, Updike sets the stage for theological warfare between the devil and one of God's new "little ones." The enthusiastic young man wants to prove God's existence via the new physics and computer analysis.

Some three hundred pages later, Dale Kohler has fallen victim emotionally, morally, and spiritually to the sexual temptress Esther, who leads him into moral degradation in a manner not worth reading or talking about. Meanwhile, Roger and his insufferably egotistical divinity-school colleagues dismantle Dale theologically. Out of arrogance, *ennui*, or (in Roger's case)

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Marshall B. Coyne

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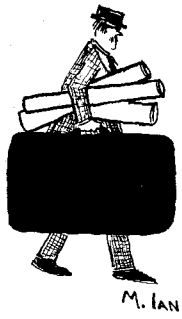
diabolical conviction, they convince Dale that it is theologically absurd to imagine God's existence demonstrable or, indeed, rationally defensible. To cap it all off, Dale's computer data give him an ambiguous message: He cannot by his own "reason and strength" (as Luther would say) prove that God exists behind the Big Bang, or that anything at all exists before the Big Bang.

In the devil's version, God, if He exists, is inaccessible—*totaliter aliter*, in the Barthian language Updike so admires. Humanity has of its own free will fallen into a state of complete separation from God, its creator—if indeed there is a creator. That's all the devil can say about God, or man and society in relation to God. As Roger says about Dale's experiment: "Zero is also an answer." And that is where Updike's theological problems begin.

In theology, zero is indeed a kind of answer; and some Western theologians, ancient and modern, have asserted the absolute disparity between God and His creation. Such developments in theology have, however, in the last two centuries often evolved (as in Barth's case) as heroic and faithful attempts to take God out of the all-devouring jaws of state-controlled or disbelieving churches, of ego-centered and value-free psychologists, and of natural scientists committed to the pursuit of material reality only.



If Updike is attempting in this novel to underscore the necessity of such theological developments in a culture rendered banal and sociopathic by the natural and social sciences and the institutions they have spawned, I salute him, but with my left hand. I stand in awe of his ability to paint our American culture in such starkly critical terms; but I also stand vulnerable to his pornography—to his relentless descriptions of human depravity, of self-inflicted destruction, and perhaps (I am unsure of Updike's or his characters' convictions) of divine condemnation.

Updike "preaches" prophetically, but fails to offer that word of grace his faithful readers need. Thus I must ask, as I have done before: Why do his *homines religiosi* focus *solely* on the "problem" of natural suffering and human evil, and, concurrently, of God's goodness or existence? Where is their "Christology," their faith in the Incarnation and Resurrection, whereby God in orthodox Christian thinking suffers with and for man, leading him to regeneration and final victory over the world, the devil, all suffering, and even death itself?

In Updike's *Rabbit Run*, the old Lutheran pastor, Kruppenbach, thunders at Harry Angstrom: "Yes, you must suffer, but you must *love* your pain, because it is Christ's pain." And in his short story "The Blessed Man of Boston, My Grandmother's Thimble, and Fanning Island," Updike himself says: "O Lord, bless these poor paragraphs, that would do in their vile ignorance your work of resurrection." But where has his theology of the Cross and Resurrection gone in recent years?

Updike was confirmed a Lutheran by a pastor who apparently denied the reality of Christ's Resurrection in front of his own confirmation class. Updike has written and spoken of the dramatic impact his pastor's betrayal of the faith had upon him. In a recent interview in the *Washington Post* (Sept. 29, 1986), he mentioned the incident and said that clergy who are paid to confess the ecumenical creeds should do so as a minimum requirement of their calling.

But is it not necessary by now to turn the question around and ask Updike about his own sense of calling as a Christian person and writer? He claims to be a practicing Episcopalian. Surely, he can't forever blame the Lutheran pastor of his youth for what are now his own, or his characters', failings in Christian faith and life. Where is his clergy characters' sense of vocation? Where is their love for corporate worship and parish life, their thirst for the sacraments, their prayers: the forms of piety reflected so clearly in the works of Pascal, Kierkegaard, T. S. Eliot, Flannery O'Connor, or even John Cheever—all devoutly Christian critics of their respective societies?

By presenting hopeless and despairing clergy characters, Updike cleaves the Christian faith down the middle, dangling before his readers a fallen world without a saving God. Men of my profession call this kind of communication preaching "law" without "Gospel," judgment without grace, which is usually considered worse than doing nothing at all. Not even the severest "Calvinist"—certainly not Barth—in celebrating the glory, majesty, and total otherness of God, ever dared to eliminate the good news of the Incarnation. Updike writes these days more like a depressed Unitarian than a Christian.

And that is where the moral and social problems of *Roger's Version* begin. Since the separation between God, nature, and man is complete, anything is permissible. Roger Lambert accepts any and every moral breakdown and outrage in himself or others with a calm and gentle (he would probably call it "liberal") equanimity, which passes for a diabolical imitation of Christ. And the reader may, in turn, find it impossible constantly to remind himself with purity of heart that Roger is the devil in a clerical collar. It proved far too difficult a feat for me.

Lust for knowledge and sex (as in the original Fall), following upon or creating *Angst*, *acedia*, and anomie, seems to be the ordination bond for Updike's clergy. Intellectual despair, relieved by illicit sex, comes with their job description. If such were the case for the majority of Christian clergy in the real world, the Church Catholic would have vanished long ago.

This is no minor problem in Updike's work. St. James says: "The devils also believe and tremble"—tremble, but remain trapped in a damned state of being. Unless Updike finds the ways and means to reply to his devils with the power of divine grace, the Christian reader must simply avoid his stories.

The "last of the Protestant novelists" (as one reviewer has called him) may already be finding himself in the predicament of Kurt Vonnegut or Philip Roth, doomed to write one novel after another about an inexplicably "evil" universe and mankind—which finally cannot logically be called evil at all. Without a God Who judges and grants grace, the prophetic writer finally renders meaningless, banal, and *nonexistent* the very evils he denounces. If religious, he becomes a Buddhist, not a Barthian—similar, perhaps, to J. D. Salinger. Or if nothing, he writes many more *Bech*-type novels.

If *Roger's Version* is read as a prophetic denunciation of American culture in the Eighties, the reader may tackle it gingerly, but skip the obscene descriptions of sexual perversities in which Roger delights. (If Roger is the

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devil, we may leave those parts to the devil.) The reader will appreciate, however, Updike's descriptions of American small-city life, of community life in a liberal divinity school, of tax-funded city housing projects, of the general sights and sounds of the Eighties. At this sort of impressionistic writing Updike has no peer. And if—as I am—the reader is a former Updike fan, he may pray for a change in Updike's perspective and writing. Roger anticipates criticism of this sort and calls believers "bullies." But for his own sake—and for ours—Roger (or Updike) needs bullying badly. □

FILM

DISTRESSING DAMSELS

John Simon

THE ACTRESS-PLAYWRIGHT Beth Henley has adapted her charming and successful *Crimes of the Heart* from stage to screen; the film may succeed thanks to its high-profile stars, but the charm is pretty much gone. Good (as opposed to indifferent) fiction is very hard to translate into film; theater, virtually impossible. But producers, like other people without a taste of their own, are drawn to brand-names, and there is nothing like a Broadway hit, bolstered by Hollywood stars, to start them salivating. *Crimes of the Heart*, though, is a small, off-beat—you might say off-the-wall—piece of late Southern Gothic, the territory mined to a fare-thee-well by artists and epigones in various media. What saves Miss Henley is a dizzy fragility, the absolute ingenuousness with which she accosts the absurd, the discrepancy between derailed action and demure or winsome words. Precarious words, too, that become flesh more than they do celluloid.

As adapter, Miss Henley did the customary but here unpardonable thing: She opened up her story, beefed up the obvious and skipped over the subtle, and, above all, made visual some things that depend on remaining verbal. Certain cruel grotesqueries thrive as disembodied anecdotes; shown, they become distasteful and indigestible. And as cast (no doubt at the request of the producer, Dino De Laurentiis) with stars whose performances are internecine, this whimsy sinks as surely as if in cement pajamas. As Babe, the youngest of the MaGrath sisters, eccentric down to the very spelling of their name, Sissy Spacek does very nicely in scenes less extreme than the one where, after shooting her prominent but gross husband in the stomach, she makes herself a pitcher of lemonade and offers some to the bleeding man on the floor; Jessica Lange is passable but not very Southern as Meg, the fast middle sister, who went to Hollywood to become a singer and actress, and ended up with office drudgery and a nervous breakdown. And then there is Diane Keaton as Lenny, the eldest: A wallflower and stay-at-home, she shuns men and spends long hours at the hospital with dying Old Granddaddy, who brought up these orphaned girls.

An evil fate has hung over the MaGrath sisters. Their father ran off early on; their mother committed suicide in the gas oven after hanging the beloved family cat. Thanks to that hanged cat, the event got national coverage, well beyond the Mississippi burg where the action is laid; whereas, Babe sourly observes, her own attempted killing of her husband barely attracts statewide attention, and that only because her spouse is a state senator. Released on bail, she is to be defended by a young, inexperienced lawyer; Meg is nervously returning home by bus; and Lenny, alone, tries to celebrate her birthday remembered only by hateful cousin Chick (Tess Harper in not her best performance), who gave her a box of cheap chocolate creams from which Meg will heartlessly suck out all the cream, tossing back the chocolate covering.

Even so, those chocolates may be less hollow than Miss Keaton's performance. Alone and trying to fend off despair, Lenny fumbles with candles she awkwardly sticks into cookies while singing "Happy Birthday" to herself; the silly-sad sweetness of it should come at us full tilt. Instead, we are hit in the solar plexus by Diane Keaton's dilapidated cutesiness. Miss Keaton, a Trilby intermittently svengalized into something like acting by Woody Allen, cannot even manage a Southern accent on the rare occasions she deigns to try for one. Mostly she does her usual mixture of childish befuddlement, acrid neurosis, and overarching smugness. Lenny, for all her insecurity, is the caring, workhorse sister; Miss Keaton makes her into a more dithering version of Babe. She seems to be watching herself perform on a TV monitor and acts more with her own image than with her fellow actors. And by now, even as her face has softened into mush, her mannerisms have hardened into tics.

Crimes of the Heart needs the box of the stage to rattle around in, to be confined and comforted by, to shelter its characters as well as cage them. That loony ambiguity of home as a cozy hell is dissipated by the film's sprawl and by its spelling out in pictures the airier imagery of words. Bruce Beresford, the gifted Australian director, seems out of tune with the material: The comedy becomes too heavy, the pathos too elusive. There are some neat touches, such as the two covered, incongruous corpses of a woman and a cat; there is good composition, as in shots of the three sisters rampaging on a staircase. But, underscored by Georges Delerue's ponderous, posturing score, the film's focus is diffuse and miscalculated, emphasizing, for example, Babe's sensationalistic affair with a black youth and short-changing her much more interesting flirtation with her smitten but exasperated lawyer, well played by David Carpenter.

Meg's nocturnal outing with a former beau, perfunctorily enacted by Sam Shepard, should remain platonic, yet the film implies something more; a flashback to the sisters as children with the not yet old Granddaddy (flatly played by Hurd Hatfield) adds nothing. Still, there are a few funny scenes that work; what is missing most, though, is a sense of these three disparate women as family, as sisters under their scattiness and dissension.

THE MORNING AFTER, a thriller set in various crannies of Los Angeles, seedy or posh, never achieves a sense of place or continuity. The script, attributed to the pseudonymous James Hicks, disintegrates after a good initial shock into splashes of nonsense. Jane Fonda—a has-been movie actress ruined by scandal and now wallowing in alcoholism and defensive hostility—wakes up in bed with a total stranger who is just being interviewed on a television set that has been left on. From the TV, she identifies him as a sleazy pornographer; from the blood

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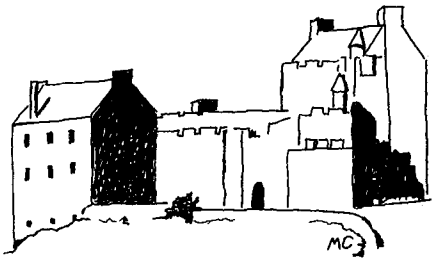
on the sheets and the knife in his chest, as a corpse. Her panic is enhanced by her alcoholic blackout; she cannot recall anything, and doesn't know whether she killed or was framed. Having once stabbed a man in a fit of passion, she cannot call the police. Her initial reactions are a persuasive blend of canniness and terror.

Her behavior, however, becomes more and more inconsistent even as the script becomes less and less credible in general. It is Thanksgiving, and she is unable to get a seat on a plane going anywhere. At the airport, she cutely meets Jeff Bridges, a decent bigot of an ex-cop from Bakersfield, who becomes her chief helper, even more so than Raul Julia, her ex-husband and friend, a prestigious hairdresser about to marry a society heiress. The plot makes no sense, incident by incident, as when Miss Fonda, escaping from the police in her negligee, seeks out a female impersonator she knows, and is horrified to find his wardrobe all extreme, outrageous getups, somewhere between Bob Mackie and Frederick's of Hollywood. The chap explains, with splendid casuistry, that he is a female impersonator, not a transvestite (nice line); but, in the next shot, Jane departs in a lovely, understated Ann Roth design, which, moreover, is a perfect fit. Self-contradiction is everywhere: Jane, a lush, hardly ever drinks in the film; Bridges, who has connections with the L.A. police, puts them to the most inept use.

The script, though often quite witty and displaying, even if inappropriately, bits of wryly mischievous sophistication, is clearly the broth of too many cooks, spoiled by cross purposes. Another problem is that Sidney Lumet, the director, is so unfamiliar with Los Angeles that he often relies on preconceived notions, some of them derived from old movies, some from projecting the East Coast onto the West. Cases in point are his L.A. aristocrats and honest Jewish cop, the products of such continental drift. Further, Jeff Bridges conceived his role as requiring the putting on of considerable weight, so that he looks like a slightly detumescent balloon, which assorts ill with Miss Fonda's spectacular fitness—a rare virtue in an alcoholic. Raul Julia is not slick enough for the coiffeur/climber, and Diane Salinger's heiress, as written and acted, is too much of a blank.



What makes the picture watchable, however, is Jane Fonda. Whether in a blond wig or with her natural hair, she looks, however inappositely, stunning. Her performance is spot on: She gets the wariness and weariness, the drawn quality between pugnacity and self-destructive giving-up of a woman who was being groomed to be "the next Vera Miles"; but when her fundamental humanity reasserts itself, the transition and transformation are masterly and moving. Silkenly bitchy, stridently coming apart, steeped in anxiety or redolent with femininity—down to that mock-genteel and irony-laced voice of hers—she compels us with her complexities. That you root for her as if her character were a real person and *The Morning After* a real movie is all the actress's achievement.

No Mercy deserves no comment. Except perhaps this: No amount of Christmas benevolence or New Year's drunkenness could make this film look like anything but a stupid, derivative display case for the lack of talent of Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. But Miss Basinger's French ranks with that of Ginger Rogers in *The Barkleys of Broadway* as the sublimest piece of linguistic butchery on our silly silver screen. □

DELECTATIONS

ZELMA OF SIMI

Nika Hazelton

Meet Zelma Long, a blonde Nordic beauty who is a terrific American success story as an outstanding winemaker in a still male-dominated field. At Simi, a pretty winery in California's Sonoma Valley, Zelma produces wonderfully good wines with the backing of Simi's president, Michael D. Dixon, a shrewd businessman who realized the necessity of modernizing the hundred-year-old winery. The canny Dixon amassed the money for this task through a series of business deals with Moët-Hennessy, France's largest liquor and wine concern. Mr. Dixon's wise money management and extraordinary business acumen laid the foundations; he put the capstone on his efforts in 1979 by hiring Zelma and giving her a free hand to create the wines that have made the new Simi labels famous. Together, they have transformed the staid, old-fashioned establishment into America's outstanding middle-sized winery, whose Chardonnays, Cabernets, Sauvignon Blancs, and —one of my own favorites—Rosé de Cabernet Sauvignon have won much success among wine lovers. If a bottle says Simi, you may be sure the contents are worth drinking.

When I first met Zelma, she was working as an oenologist in the labs of the Robert Mondavi Winery in the nearby Napa Valley. She spent ten years learning from Robert Mondavi, one of the most progressive winemakers of all time. After joining Simi, Zelma's first job was to help design some sorely needed new fermentation tanks, and to concern herself with the three-year expansion and renovation that brought the old winery into the twentieth century.

Zelma's new and often pioneering improvements show in the elegance and refinement of her wines; to my mind, her Chardonnays—both the voluptuous reserve and the most attractive 1984 Mendocino and Sonoma County wine—show best her constant pursuit of excellence. Among her technical innovations at Simi are the first must-chiller in Sonoma County, an automatic barrel washer, and a pomace removal system (all of this saves time in the hurried first phases of wine production), as well as new pressing, fermenting, and barrel-aging techniques, to mention only a few.

Zelma's stated ambition is to make the very best wines of each kind: "First comes elegance and finesse," she says. "Second is flavor concentration and third is complexity, representing a diversity of aromas and flavors." Of course, that is what any honest winemaker hopes to achieve, but then, as we know to our sorrow, how many actually do?

Zelma Long grew up in a small town in Oregon and graduated with honors in science from Oregon State

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University. After an internship at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, she worked for a while as a professional dietitian, but her heart wasn't in it. So, when she moved to Napa Valley and became aware of grapes and winemaking, she enrolled at the University of California at Davis in a master's program of oenology. (By the way, UC Davis is *the* place where modern winemaking, scientific grape-growing, and the development of winemaking equipment are being pioneered. Davis has trained oenologists from practically all over the world, and it is respected as a repository of contemporary wine knowledge as far afield as Bulgaria, as a Bulgarian oenologist told me when explaining a piece of machinery that was an accurate copy of one I had seen in California.)

Zelma proved to be a bright and promising student and thus came to the attention of Robert Mondavi, who hired her as a part-time lab technician for the 1970 harvest. At that point Zelma's career was launched. She did not return to Davis, but instead became Robert Mondavi's head oenologist and started, with her former husband, the small and exquisite Long Vineyards, where she continues to produce superb wines.

The nice thing about Zelma is that her phenomenal success hasn't spoiled her in any way. She is the same easy-going, kindhearted, and patient person she has been as long as I have known her, which is more years than I care to remember. What's more, she is eager to know new things of every kind and description, which is not a common characteristic of winemakers.

Zelma is a lot of fun to be with because she loves fun herself. Recently, she got herself into a tank of red grapes when the (male) assistant winemaker challenged her to see who was quicker in shoveling out a tank. (Shoveling out tanks is very dirty, heavy, though necessary work, normally done by low-ranking cellar workers.) Zelma and her co-worker won handily, finishing the job in two-thirds of the time it took her challenger and his assistant. It was a great thing, I was told, to see top management doing the work of a winery's lower echelons. It certainly showed one reason why my regard for Zelma is shared by the people who work for her.

To close on a practical note: Simi wines mostly run between $8 and $15 a bottle. They are not California's cheapest wines, but they are well worth the price. □

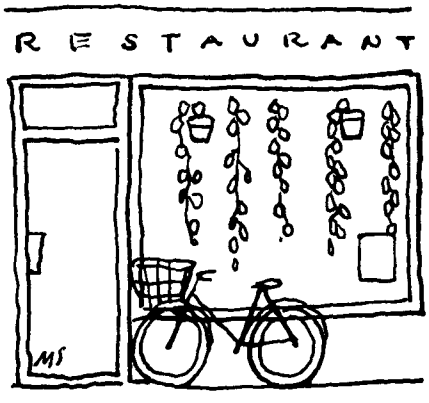
THE GIMLET EYE

THE FEDERALIST PAPER

D. Keith Mano

YOU CAN STILL get a good education at Columbia—yes, and Soviet fishing trawlers still do fish. Nonetheless, in that *maison tolérée* of academic leftism, where political truth is found torso-murdered daily, one student publication had a shocking headline—DIVEST NOW FROM THE USSR. This at Columbia, where all right-brain functions are lobotomized during freshman week: first major university to divest from South Africa. They call that one student publication *The Federalist Paper* (after Columbia alumni Hamilton and Jay) and Vol. I, No. 1 came out last October. Came out written in elegant, witty, temperate diction, with a fine sense of place and moral errand. *FP*'s motto is *Veritas Non Erubiscit* (Truth Doesn't Blush). And, to quote the first Statement of Purpose, "it will not be shouted down."

These seven or eight young men who are reinventing conservatism at 116th Street and Broadway make up an extraordinary and diverse group. Brilliant, as you might suppose. But also mature and remarkably poised. They hold their audience in high and affectionate regard—that poor Columbia student intellectually lung-shot and left for dead by campus radicalism. Moreover, though their mean class level is sophomore-junior, they have considerable journalistic experience. Neil Gorsuch, Dean Pride, and A. Lawrence Levy were all associate editors of another conservative publication, *The Morningside Review*. "The *Review*," Gorsuch said, "is more of a magazine. It addresses national and international issues, and it simply isn't read on campus. What we've done here is try to establish something that has a broader base of interest. More people read *The Federalist* than ever read *The Morningside Review*."



Readership matters, of course—so much so that no one on the *FP* staff will admit to being conservative. This is, in part, an honest distancing from Reaganism, Republicanism, Falwell, whatever. In part, too, it is careful policy. "If our first issue had been far right, we might've been written off before we got started," board member P. T. Waters thought. "We try to show that you can be liberal as hell, but still disagree with all those crazy knee-jerk liberals out there." And Levy took that up: "We're just trying to be an alternative. At Columbia that usually means you're right-wing or moderate-to-right, because the mainstream is so far left." And yet issues one and two belong in a liberal phobia clinic. THE PROMISE OF SDI, for instance. Or THE ANC IS NOT THE ONLY SOLUTION. Plus an incisive repudiation of mandatory gay seminars for freshmen. Plus damning information about the Reverend William Starr, leftist Episcopal double agent on campus. Plus a vivid MONTH IN REVIEW short-take section, which imitates *NR* up front pretty consciously. Like so:

> CAPITALISM ON THE MOVE
>
> During recent Warsaw Pact maneuvers in Czechoslovakia, authorities discovered that four Soviet soldiers traded their tank to a tavern owner for 24 bottles of vodka, seven pounds of herring, and some pickles. The owner dismantled the tank and sold the pieces to a metal-recycling center.

At Columbia they give you an equivalency diploma for that kind of reportage. Equivalent to ostracism.

Problems of self-definition attend. "We've basically been sitting back," Gorsuch admitted, "and reflecting on what the Left has said and using our month to review it. They choose the issues—South Africa, military recruitment on campus, pornography, SDI. But now I think we have to come out with something." Waters concurred:

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"We'd like to change the debate, not just reflect it." That will be more difficult. These are sharp and idiosyncratic minds from all over America: D.C., Colorado, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. The general atmosphere at *FP* might be characterized as center to right with a libertarian strain. From that composition, manifestos don't quickly arise. "Reason why we can be so diverse," said Gorsuch, "is that there is so much room to the right. It's not a matter of having to be a conservative to be identified with the Right, it's a matter of being a thinking man or woman."

Response, so far, has been surprisingly positive. But the staff is vexed by a clause in the paper's original Statement of Purpose: "*FP* will dismiss no work based on ideology." With that generous visa, an energetic radical could subvert from inside. Waters asked, "Will we lose identity if we have leftist, albeit maybe intelligently argued, articles?" I think not. This access clause has lent *FP* credibility in an antagonistic environment. As long as the editors answer each leftist submission, argument for argument, *in that same issue*, they will secure nothing but honor from their, uh, liberal attitude. *FP* has committed itself to allowing opposition spokesmen a fair word. Not the final word.

One advertisement aside, *FP* has received no financial support from the Institute for Educational Affairs (IEA) or any other source. These men know how to make a newspaper—and none of them has been bitten so far. "We spent $400 on that first issue," Gorsuch said. "We paid for the second issue with advertisements. We are the cheapest publication IEA has come across. Eventually we'd like to get ourselves an office and buy $5,000 worth of computer equipment. If we had one Macintosh with a laser printer, we could publish on a much more regular basis.

"We're looking to set up an endowment—we don't need a $110,000-a-year operating budget like the *Dartmouth Review*. If we could have just $10,000 a year income, we could ensure the future of *The Federalist*." And Pride said, "A lot of students are coming to Columbia now on the middle of the fence. There's room for explosive growth."

I'll let Neil Gorsuch finish. "We're probably the last of these quote-unquote conservative journals to pop up on campuses. We're going to be the last of this era—and the most important. The place of this university in the nation's campus debate is as progenitor of liberal causes. It all starts here. And *The Federalist* can focus and reshape campus debate in America for the next twenty years."

If you have a spare Macintosh, write me care of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I'll send you *The Federalist*'s address. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Morning After: American Successes and Excesses 1981-1986, by George F. Will (The Free Press, 417 pp., $19.95)

THEY HAVE been going after George Will here & there, including mildly hostile social scrutinies in the *Washington Post* and *Esquire*, and very heavy going by *The New Republic*'s standup bore, Henry Fairlie. So? It happens to all important American journalist-pundits with only such exceptions as Walter Lippmann, who was before TV, and who ended his career by becoming progressively more unreadable. George Will is a success as a columnist and as a television commentator and critic, and his manner (superior) invites denigration mostly by those who cannot imitate him but gladly would if they had an equivalent talent—hard to say about anyone in America. This book is a collection of GW's columns, which stand up well, suggesting the variety of his thought, the range of his enthusiasms, and the resourcefulness of his wit and talent. He is subject to criticism for his failure to explicate those points on which he differs (sometimes a little rancorously) with his brother conservatives. He wants more taxes, but does not specify of what kind (except for an oil-import tax); he wants government to transubstantiate the law into an agent of goodness, but doesn't tell us how or where. He is a friend of big government whose favorite book is Hayek's *The Constitution of Liberty*. But that is neither here nor there: The Republic is blessed by his intelligence, his adamant anti-Soviet acuity, his wit and eloquence. His columns should be regularly collected, and read out loud to students of government and of expression. WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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THE BIG D

NEW YORK, JAN. 12

THE QUESTION OF our budget deficit is assuming extra-economic meaning. In the many discussions of the problem on the weekend talk shows, someone questioned the "morality" of so large a deficit. And of course we are staring at the face of a gargoyle mocking democracy. It is saying: "So you really think the people can govern themselves over a sustained period of time! Harrh, harrh!"

It's worth reviewing the basic positions taken by the principal players:

—President Reagan's primary political contribution is his espousal of a constitutional amendment that would deny to Congress the right, except in specified circumstances, to overspend. For the record: The Senate in 1982 (when it was Republican-controlled) voted for the amendment. Speaker Tip O'Neill prevented it from going to the floor of the House. We do not know whether it would have passed in the House; but in 1987 one hears talk of another attempt at a constitutional amendment. It is correct to say that the Democrats have prevented the enactment of such an amendment.

—Various committees assembled in various states have attempted to convene a constitutional convention for the purpose of passing such an amendment. The record shows 32 state legislatures as having acted, leaving two more before the required two-thirds is achieved. Months and years go by without getting the extra two. The anti-amendment lobby cares more to defeat the amendment than to defeat the deficit.

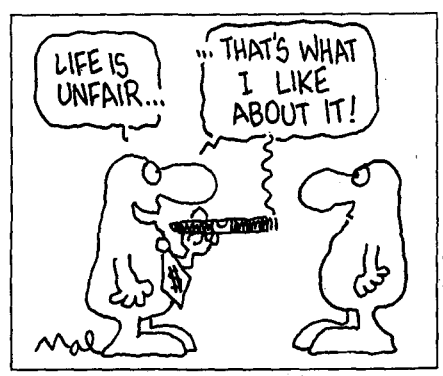
—It is correct to charge the President with having submitted, in each of his six years in office, a budget in excess of anticipated revenues. This year's budget (if enacted) would leave us (these are projections, and projections are almost always wrong) with a deficit of $108 billion for fiscal 1988—which is just over on the safe side of the Gramm-Rudman schedule. The principal reason the Administration gives for submitting a deficit budget is that Congress has set in concrete more than 70 per cent of the expenses to which we are committed, and there is no way, within the 30 per cent left unspecified, to cope with a deficit in the neighborhood of $180 billion, unless we hand over the country to Gorbachev. Here the President asks for a line-item veto, which would enable him to pick and choose when vetoing money bills. Congress has denied him the line-item veto.

Discussions over what should be cut inevitably descend into partisan wrangling of the kind that makes you feel it's time to go back and repeal the Magna Carta. Last Sunday, the new Speaker of the House, Mr. Jim Wright, when asked whether the clean-water bill might not be pared down a little, answered by saying that one year of the clean-water bill required only $2.5 billion, whereas the President has asked for $6 billion "for just one new weapon." It is not easy to argue rationally with someone who can't distinguish between lifesavers that keep you afloat, and lifesavers you buy at the candy counter. One is left pretty soon with the impression that Mr. Wright, like his predecessor, desires to tax, spend, and elect; and their problem is, of course, that they can't tax as long as Ronald Reagan is President.

Why is there a moral dimension in it all? For two generations, economists and teachers associated with Keynesian thought were debonair about deficits, mocking the traditional American regard for husbandry ("We owe it to ourselves" was the anodyne given to soothe the worriers). The size of the deficit is, however, now forcing us to acknowledge that we are backing up toward a stone wall. There is the creeping wariness of the dollar among the central banks. The value of foreign holdings in America is rising sharply, but there is a point beyond which foreign investors start looking in other directions.

The conscience of America needs to be awakened, and one way to help this along is to devise a means by which individual citizens are made aware of what it is they are getting for nothing. Right now, about $2,000 per year per taxpayer. A bulletin to that effect should be pasted on everyone's tax form, and also on everyone's political registration form. Everyone is a freeloader.

Does that require a higher tax? Preferably not: but if not, it requires the only alternative, which is diminished spending—or a combination of the two, designed not to discourage production. What's needed is an artful package, such as was put together by Democrats and Republicans to give us the major tax reform of 1986. □



MANAGING THE DEFICIT

NEW YORK, JAN. 14

IN STARING AT the problem of the deficit one needs to make two primary distinctions. One way to look at the deficit is exclusively economic. The second is, really, moral.

The emphasis of Mr. Reagan's tax initiatives over six years, initiatives in which Democrats have overwhelmingly concurred (the Senate committee that approved the revolutionary changes of 1986 voted unanimously), has been to free up the economy. The idea has been to stop penalizing productivity and to encourage the allocation of savings toward an increase in production rather than a reduction in tax exposure. The principal strides in this direction have been the reduction in the marginal rate, which a year hence will drop to 28 per cent maximum; and, for 1987, the reduction in the tax on so-called unearned income from the misanthropic high of 60 per cent to 28 per cent.

When Ronald Reagan says that he will tolerate no additional taxes, he has got to be saying that he will not disturb the reordered architecture of the code that encourages economic activity and, in due course, savings, recapitalization, and the reinvigoration of the entire economic engine. He cannot be interpreted as saying that he believes that citizens should get something for nothing, because to believe that is to undermine the order of his thinking. There is one group of citizens with whom we deal philanthropically: those who need help in order to survive. They are a part of the

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public overhead, and it is possible for them to continue to get something for nothing provided that there is a surplus. For the poor to receive help, there must be non-poor who can provide it. But the problem today is that everyone (speaking generally) is being helped, dollars flowing in every direction from every direction. But more dollars are flowing into the pockets of the American people than are flowing into the Treasury that distributes that money. And there is little public sense of the intrinsic immorality of the deficit, primarily because the politicians find it agreeable to speak of subsidies to almost any enterprise as giving somebody or something its due.

Aid given to families with dependent children can be considered philanthropic, but we should know that the average annual payment to mother-and-child in cash is about $4,000. The creation of one illegitimate child followed by a trip to the local AFDC office is at the federal level alone an imposition of $4,000 on one's neighbors.

The average annual payment by the government to the average farmer is about $11,295. One speaks of the pride of the farmer living by the sweat of his brow, but it pays to remind oneself that he is living by the sweat not only of his own brow, but of others'. It came, last year, to about $25 billion.

Everyone on Social Security who has been receiving payments for more than about two years is costing his neighbors approximately $4,755 per year; i.e., for only two years is he getting back approximately what he put in. So that, as historically structured, to grow old is to become an imposition on one's neighbors.

As, of course, it is to be sick, given that just over $2,000 per year is given out to the 29 million people who qualify for Medicare.

THE PRESIDENT speaks endlessly of reduced expenditures, as does the leadership of the House, which, however, often confuses reduced expenditures with reducing the offensive will and capabilities of the Soviet Union, and, unfortunately, only God has the power to detoxify Communism. So that the reduced expenditures aren't likely to trim the budget substantially, imposing on us an obligation to get from subsidized Americans (and, because we can never successfully distinguish between them, unsubsidized Americans) the money back that we are currently overspending on them; and to effect this without mutilating the nearest thing we have got to an efficient economic model, which is the 1986 tax law.

We need a consumer tax, which has always commended itself theoretically, and is now a tested tax, effective in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. The theory of it is that there shall be a tax imposed on the incremental contribution toward the value of any product, at every stage. The coal miner adds to the value of coal by taking it out of the ground. The steelworker adds to its value by using it to forge steel. The house builder adds to the steel's value by making girders that support skyscrapers. At each point, from the bowels of the earth to the top of Windows on the World, there is a tax bite.

Yes, reduce expenses as much as possible; but pending that constitutional amendment forbidding the unbalanced budget, a consumer tax is the way to go. □

REAGAN, R I P?

NEW YORK, JAN. 19

SINCE EVERYBODY in the whole world is writing obituaries of Ronald Reagan, herewith something this side of a necrophiliac account of what is going on.

Our commentators are losing track of the important point about Ronald Reagan, which is that he is indeed a different breed of person from the kind we have become accustomed to see make it to the top of the political ladder.

They were all—when you look back on it—a pretty dumbfounded lot when Reagan was first nominated, and then elected. If you had asked Tony Lewis, or Tom Wicker—let alone Arthur Schlesinger or J. K. Galbraith—whether Ronald Reagan, Movie Star, could become President of the United States and occupy the same office as Woodrow Wilson and John F. Kennedy, they'd have smiled condescendingly, condescension being what they are best at when confronting views different from their own.

When he actually made it, they looked away, although their lips kept moving. They were saying prayers to the effect that democracy must not be overindulged in such matters as electing Reagan President of the United States. They had plighted their troth so strongly to democracy that they were unwilling on the basis of this setback to apostatize: but it was a most awful strain.

And then, on top of it all, things began to go—righter would be a provocative way to put it: Things began to get a little better. There was a fearful recession, but the damage done was less than traumatic, and the recovery was spirited. Down came inflation, down interest rates, down unemployment, up economic growth. Abroad, Reagan gave out encephalophonically plain signals: a steady hum of hardheaded tranquillity while Soviet czars were crowned, and died, year after year. When Moscow was selling season tickets for state funerals, President Reagan was deploying theater weapons in Europe (as he had promised to do), agreeing to meet in Summit conference whenever the Soviet leaders desired—but no hurry. Meanwhile, our Defense Department was quietly busy oiling its rusty arsenal, suddenly there were volunteers aplenty to man our armed forces, applications for West Point and Annapolis and the Air Force Academy rose, we aborted a Soviet operation in Grenada. There were the setbacks—persistent deficits, persistent wildness in the Middle East. But the deliberate judgment of the American people, after four years of Ronald Reagan, Movie Star, was: four more years. A judgment in which 49 states concurred.

And then—finally—the banana peel. A couple more years of what had come before and our critical community would have turned itself in to the funny farm, and tossed the democratic keys out the window. It was, as *The New Republic*'s Michael Kinsley said unabashedly: too good to be true. Tip O'Neill, retiring after a lifetime of legislative irresponsibility, announced that Reagan was not fit to be President, the most ill-informed man Tip had ever seen in the White House. George McGovern, who won one state when he offered his brainy self to the voters, 25 years after working for the election of Henry Wallace, said that Reagan was, well, quite simply unfit to be President. Garry Wills anticipated the banana peel by writing an entire book the thesis of which is that Ronald Reagan creates his own surrealisms, that he never really succeeded in climbing out of his movie set. In England, the highbrows are so overjoyed by the whole thing they cannot stand it: Reagan *had* to slip, otherwise the whole world would need to go to the National Bureau of Standards' Department of Weights and Measures and ask such questions as: Are you quite sure that a pound is made up of 16 ounces, a gallon of four quarts? I mean, if Reagan could be a successful President, then every premise of self-government would need to be re-examined . . .

WHAT THEY missed about Ronald Reagan is the most important thing to recognize about him. It is this: that no one—not Pericles, not Erasmus, not JFK—could be a President capable of discharging all the duties imposed upon him by the one hundred Congresses since the launching of our Republic. Reagan's skill is peculiar to his temperament: He believes in a series of certitudes. And, believing them, he has an ordered sense of priorities. These are organically arranged, so that he does not spend hours on trivial problems. He made a major mistake in deciding to traffic with Iran, and the bureaucratic resiliency of his office was insufficient to handle the ensuing strains. But—caution! Do not go further than that in counting him out. Ronald Reagan will continue to dominate this stretch of American history. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from page 36)

employment statistics are inaccurate. He says there must be some 1.4 million of the theoretically unemployed who are "happily hard at work, full time or part time, and paid in cash."

The world trend toward privatization (Prime Minister Jacques Chirac of France had just announced that 65 nationalized French industries will be sold to the public) was the widest topic of conversation at the meeting. But some other subjects were more titillating. The society had asked Julian Simon, a demographer, to present a paper on immigration. In Simon's judgment, people should be allowed to cross borders at their own free will. His statistics contradicted the conventional notion that immigrants take jobs from needy citizens. On average, he said, immigrants "pay more taxes than the cost of the services and transfer payments that they receive, increase productivity, cost relatively little in new capital needs, and have little or no adverse effect on relative employment."

But after making his case for the free movement of people, Simon said he realized that it was politically impossible in the present climate of opinion. Looking to a free-market solution that would accommodate contemporary prejudices, he suggested that the business of border control should be turned over to an auctioneer. He would sell quotas to the highest bidders. This would bring people of means—or of obviously useful skills—into the country. Purchase-price arrangements could be made suitably elastic. A visa might be paid for by an employer in the U.S. who was looking for someone with a special talent. To the charge that selling visas would be trafficking in human flesh, Simon said it would be fairer than the present system of admission by family connections.

No Mont Pelerin meeting would be complete without an argument about money. In times past, Nobel Prize-winner Milton Friedman could be relied upon to defend the use of a constitutional rule fixing the annual growth of the money supply at 2 or 3 per cent. Milton was not at this year's meeting, but even in his absence, the advocates of a gold standard did not have a completely free field. Nevertheless, the discussion was dominated by Professor Peter Bernholz of the University of Basel, who brought with him a series of graphs clearly demonstrating that when central banks are not required to redeem paper money in some tangible unit of account, inflation will inevitably take over. Bernholz's charts went back to the year 1700. In eras of hard money the wholesale price index varied very little from decade to decade. But after 1914, when gold payments were almost universally suspended, the inflationary bias could not be stemmed.

No one disputed this criticism of Friedman's case for a fixed rule for currency increase. Bernholz's commentators did not contest his statement that "it would be difficult to decide which monetary aggregate should grow by which percentage in which period against which base." But Leland Yeager and others, although agreeing with Bernholz's criticism of free-floating currencies, considered a return to gold "impractical." They spoke in favor of Hayek's idea of a dollar backed by a market basket of goods.

Perhaps. But the vision of tellers trying to stop a run on the bank by wheeling out tons of staples in market baskets is a bit terrifying. And what about market-basket deterioration? One virtue of gold as a store of value is that you don't have to keep it in the refrigerator. □

SOBRAN

(Continued from page 45)

way, a matter of privilege. Nativism has given way to anti-nativism, and it's now the native, not the alien, who carries the burden of suspicion, the sinister genetic code, the stigma of ancestral guilt. The accused doesn't have to be a "native" in any literal sense, of course: He only has to be on the wrong side, the reactionary side as against the side of progress, to attract the formalistic denunciation.

The underlying myth is that the West's common past is a shameful thing. Progressive invective heaps scorn on those who want to conserve the inheritance of that past, and the scorn is expressed in temporal terms: conservatives are Neanderthal, medieval, feudal, prehistoric, outmoded, superannuated, antediluvian, to the right of Louis XIV, desirous of turning back clocks, opposed to change, living in the fourteenth century, etc. The Dark Ages! The Inquisition! Colonialism! Robber barons! Sweatshops! The Scopes trial! McCarthyism! Vietnam! Watergate!

And a "minority" now means an aggregate of victims of that past, cashing in on their victimhood. Well, I reject the mythology, and I've sometimes gotten pretty spiky about minority demands, in my innocent confidence that there could be two sides to a political issue, at least in America. I've always been impatient with the notion that it's up to me to demonstrate that I'm not opposing those demands because I wish harm to the people whose name they are made in. And I've been especially suspicious of people who are eager to import into today's debates the sufferings of other generations.

This is not because those sufferings were unreal then, but because they are irrelevant now. Would the persecution of Christians under Communism —which goes on today—be accepted as a compelling or even pertinent argument for bringing back public-school prayer? Would it be fair to insinuate that the opponent of school prayer was indifferent to that persecution? He might be, of course; but he might be right about school prayer all the same. We'd have to listen to his argument, not inquire into his motives, in order to decide.

Of course Christians don't have victim status. They're reactionaries, associated all too guiltily with the past. I use them only to draw an analogy. The analogy may come as a slight shock, because it's so imaginary, so out of keeping with our rhetorical habits. Those habits ignore the possibility that Christians, whites, men, and heterosexuals can be the targets as well as the carriers of hostility. In fact if they weren't targets, I doubt that there would be so many standing presumptions against them. Their motives are constantly attacked by enemies whose own motives, for some reason, are never questioned. I wonder what ever happened to envy.

My doctor is absolutely right. The *ad hominem* argument is not only permitted, it has become standard. It has even undergone a lot of development and refinement since he was in college, I dare say. In its most typical form it invokes a prejudice against a whole civilization. That's progress for you. □

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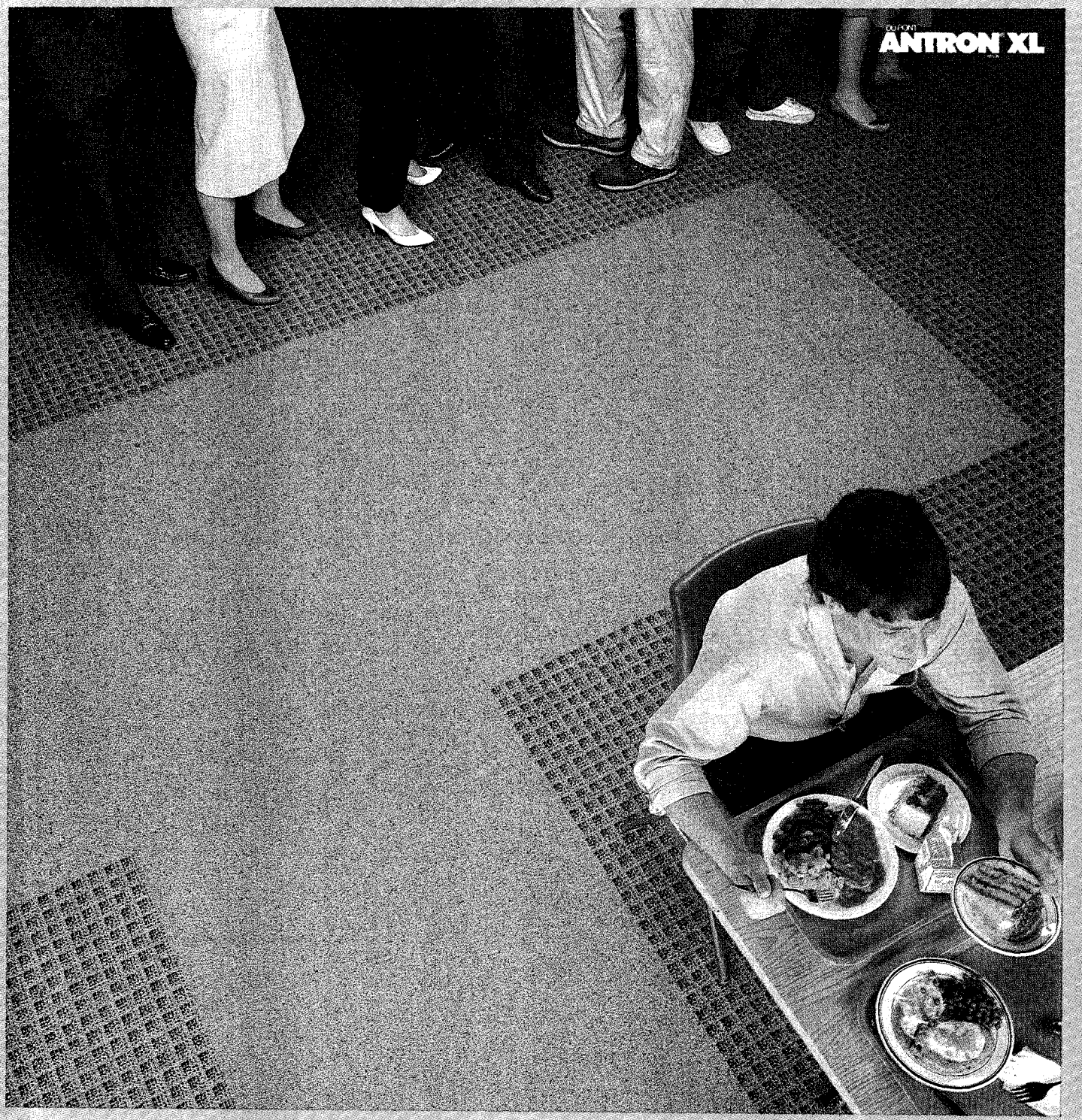

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

H[ARDING] LE RICHE:

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTIAN LADY in New Jersey, 40, interested in libertarianism, spiritual development, and naturopathy, seeks non-smoking, attractive gentleman for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated and returned. Write NR Box 4416.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. What the Piper's son used to trick his friends — 137 160 18 72 112 83 61 3 102 42

B. Legal possession — 88 9 77 51 148 119 21 123 32

C. One kind of election — 78 22 159 140 104 40 87 115 7

D. "Fleeting" Irish port city — 37 55 68 111 138 23 98

E. Steinbeck title (3 words) — 135 65 46 96 25 155 107 86 19 117

F. Revolutionary dashboard instrument — 73 84 136 2 26 116 44 57 100 153

G. Bulbous liliaceous plants — 162 75 129 16 89 113 49 97 35

H. Cogent — 149 48 4 163 126 139 36 66 114

I. Freedom of action — 74 52 161 38 15 95 106 128

J. Complement to Definition I? — 62 156 85 12 71 41 152 146 105

K. Nemesis for Nemo — 141 82 109 47 147 14 30

L. European country — 145 17 157 70 31 58

M. Emulates Frankenstein — 154 133 101 131 64 81 27 118 54 1 34

N. Smart students pay this — 29 130 91 79 43 120 60 5 108

O. Groucho fans? — 53 144 127 80 10 150 20 93

P. Noted admiral — 142 67 125 92 33 11

Q. Cupid — 132 164 94 56

R. No profound thought in these waters — 143 50 158 24 6 110 122 69

S. Do their city halls have rudders? — 63 8 45 90 151 99 76 134 28

T. Loud color? — 121 103 39 124 13 59

1 M	2 F	3 A		4 H	5 N	6 R	7 C	8 S	9 B	10 O	11 P	12 J	
13 T	14 K	15 I	16 G	17 L	18 A	19 E		20 O	21 B	22 C	23 D		24 R
25 E	26 F	27 M	28 S		29 N	30 K		31 L		32 B	33 P	34 M	35 G
36 H	37 D	38 I	39 T	40 C	41 J	42 A		43 N	44 F	45 S	46 E		47 K
48 H		49 G	50 R	51 B		52 I	53 O	54 M	55 D	56 Q	57 F	58 L	
59 T	60 N	61 A	62 J		63 S	64 M	65 E	66 H	67 P	68 D		69 R	70 L
71 J	72 A	73 F	74 I	75 G		76 S	77 B		78 C	79 N	80 O	81 M	82 K
83 A		84 F	85 J	86 E		87 C	88 B	89 G	90 S	91 N	92 P		93 O
94 Q	95 I	96 E	97 G		98 D	99 S	100F		101M	102A	103T	104C	105J
106I	107E	108N	109K		110R	111D		112A	113G	114H		115C	116F
117E	118M	119B	120N	121T		122R	123B	124T	125P		126H	127O	128I
129G	130N	131M		132Q	133M	134S	135E	136F	137A	138D	139H	140C	141K
142P	143R		144O	145L	146J		147K	148B	149H	150O	151S	152J	153F
154M		155E	156J	157L		158R	159C	160A	161I	162G	163H	164Q	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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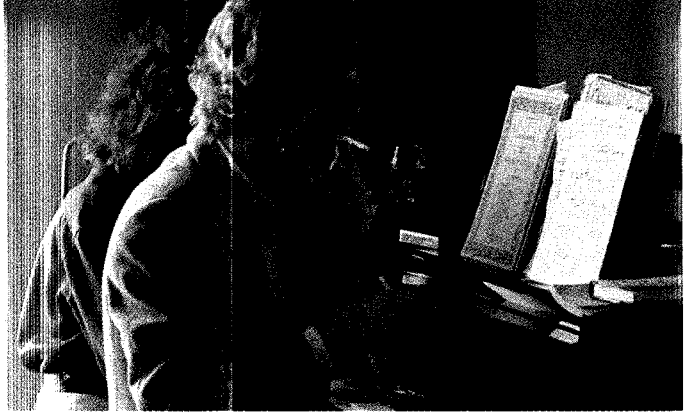

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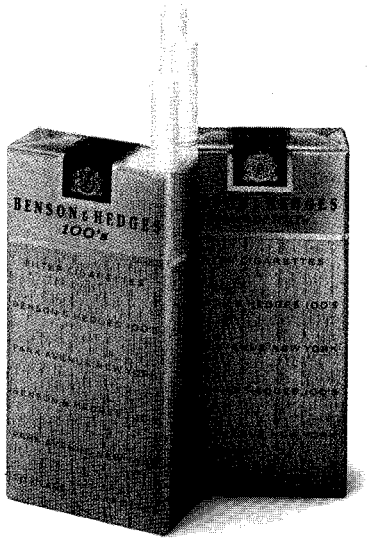

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